

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'For hire', by H. J. Harper-Roberts: from the London Salon of Photography's exhibition now at 26-27 Conduit Street

In this number:

Is a Settlement with Russia Possible? (W. N. Ewer)
Television: a New Factor in Diplomacy (Clifton Utley)
Centenary of Fenimore Cooper (P. H. Newby)

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Is a Settlement with Russia Possible?*

By W. N. EWER

THERE is a much quoted phrase of Stalin's about the possibility of the 'peaceful coexistence of two systems'. That can mean either of two things. Peaceful coexistence can mean coexistence without actual war, without 'shooting war'. Or it can mean peaceful coexistence without what we have come to call the 'cold war'. Of course the two are not entirely separate. Because, obviously, the very existence of a 'cold war' involves the danger of a 'shooting war'. But, to my mind, the problem for discussion is whether it is possible to end the 'cold war'. Is there a chance of a settlement which would end, or at any rate relax, the existing state of tension between Soviet Europe and western Europe?

I suppose one might answer that we have just proved experimentally that there is at the moment no such possibility. Negotiations went on for nearly six months to try to arrange a four-power meeting for precisely this purpose; and, as you know, agreement was not even reached on an agenda. But one failure does not make a thing impossible. Would perhaps another attempt have better luck? I frankly doubt it. Because the present trouble between Russia and the west is not one arising out of disputes or quarrels on specific issues. It is a quite different situation from, for example, the Anglo-French tension of half a century ago. That did spring from conflicts over quite definite things. It was ended by a series of bargains, by a sort of diplomatic horse trading, or *kuhhandel*, and the Entente followed. But in the present case, particular questions, like Berlin or the Austrian Treaty, are not really the causes of

tension. They are symptoms of tension. The cause lies much deeper.

In the first place, there is the doctrine of the two camps—the doctrine that there is quite inevitably a state of conflict and a state of struggle between what the Russians usually call the Soviet camp and the imperialist camp. That is fundamental to Stalinist doctrine. It was even included in the preamble to the first Constitution of the Soviet Union. And you will remember its very emphatic restatement by Zhdanov when the Cominform was founded. Sometimes the Russians speak as if they meant that the struggle between the two camps must almost inevitably bring war; sometimes as if they thought that it could go on indefinitely without war. But the concept of a permanent and inevitable struggle, of some kind of 'cold war', is always there.

I want you to note in passing that this idea of a permanent conflict is not entirely a communist one. It is a Russian one as well. This sense of enduring antagonism between east and west has its roots very deeply in Russian history and Russian thought. That is much too big a subject to begin to discuss here. But I think it is quite important to notice how this feeling of antagonism to the west, as the west, is beginning to be more and more marked than the dogmatic communist belief in the conflict between communism and capitalism. The Soviet bloc can no longer be thought of as an alliance of countries with communist governments. It takes on more and more the character of a Russian empire, a Stalin empire. The aim of Soviet policy is to bring the satellite

* The first of a series of talks in which different speakers give their personal view on this problem

states more and more completely under Russian control, and, at the same time, to cut them off more and more from any sort of association with the west. The purges and treason trials show this very clearly. Their aim is to root out all elements suspect either of insubordination to Moscow or of any sort of connection or sympathy with the west. Communism has become almost irrelevant. It is westernism that is now the greatest of crimes. You can be the most devout of communists, but any show of a desire for independence from Moscow, or of any kind of friendliness for the west, puts you in danger. On the other hand, reactionaries—even, in eastern Germany, ex-nazis—can be sure of tolerance or even favour provided that they show themselves sufficiently hostile to the Western Powers.

Perhaps this seems to be straying a little from the point: but it is not. It is really fundamental. Because in any talk about a settlement we have to be very clear in our own minds about the real character of the regime with which we are dealing. It is, I think, very important to understand that we are dealing today not with a crusading communism, but with an imperial dictatorship whose main purpose is to hold, to consolidate, and, whenever possible without undue risk, to extend its dominion. And, at the moment, I would say that the greatest preoccupation of the Soviet oligarchy is to consolidate—and at the same time to exploit—its empire in Europe.

Temptation of a 'Cynical Bargain'

Where does this lead us? One tempting line of thought is that if we are no longer faced by communist crusaders, but by an imperialist government of an old familiar type, some sort of settlement, some sort of perhaps cynical bargain, should be perfectly possible. After all, why not, for the sake of peace, come to some arrangement by which Europe would be more or less neatly partitioned? The west would not interfere with the Soviet empire. The Soviet empire would not interfere any more with the west. And the 'cold war' could just fade away.

I am not going to discuss the morality of a settlement of this kind. I am not even going to mention the word Munich. Because, if I have gauged the situation rightly, there is just no possibility of striking any such bargain, whether moral or immoral. Let me explain why I think this. I go back to the point that one of the chief preoccupations of the ruling group in Moscow is to maintain and consolidate its own authority. That is, and must be, the first preoccupation of every dictatorship. Like every other organism, its first care is its own survival.

In their new east European empire, the Russian rulers are faced by the task of maintaining their rule over peoples who, in the main, detest them, resist them where possible, and would get rid of them tomorrow if they could. Therefore their rule has to be both repressive and oppressive. It has, to put it mildly, to impose rigid restrictions on every kind of personal freedom. It has to maintain a vast police apparatus. The dictatorship, in short, has to be—a dictatorship. Nor is this only true in the satellite states of the empire. There is ample evidence that it is also true in the Soviet Union itself. One needs, in fact, no more evidence than the fact that Russia is ruled in the same way—with denials of personal freedom, and all the apparatus of a big police force, convictions without trial, labour camps, and the rest. These are not maintained just for the fun of it. Stalin does not slink in and out of his capital by night in a bullet-proof car just for the fun of it. All these things are only needed by a dictatorship which dare not trust its own people. The excuse that remnants of capitalism and landlordism still have to be rooted out, is just nonsense, thirty-four years after the revolution.

But you see the quandary in which the Soviet rulers find themselves. Discontent calls for repression. But repression creates new discontent. The Russian people must be bewildered and frustrated. By now the state—the whole coercive apparatus of government—should be 'withering away'. Soviet society should be approximating to the pattern which Lenin laid down in *The State and*

Revolution. And yet they find Stalin insisting that the state apparatus, so far from 'withering away', needs to be made even stronger. So here is the problem. How is the continued existence of the police state to be justified to the masses? How are they to be induced, if possible, to accept it as a necessary evil, which they may dislike, but must accept? They cannot be told, however much they may suspect, the truth—that all this machinery of dictatorship exists for the purpose of maintaining the dictators in power.

Theme of Soviet Internal Propaganda

The solution is the obvious one; the excuse is classic. All this has to be accepted and endured because the Fatherland is in danger. The enemy is at the gates. People, both in the Soviet Union and in the satellite states, have to be induced to believe that the 'western imperialists' are planning to attack and invade them. Liberty must be sacrificed for the sake of security. Any opposition, any unrest, can be attributed to the intrigues of enemy agents and spies, and saboteurs. This is the incessant theme of all Soviet internal propaganda. The Fatherland is in danger; the west is preparing to unleash a new war. Stalin is the bulwark against war. If you want peace you must put your trust in Stalin and obey him unquestioningly. This, too, is the motif of the communist 'peace campaign'. It is preaching not peace and goodwill, but fear and hatred—fear and hatred of the western warmongers. And remember that, as Ernest Bevin once remarked in bitter jest, 'We are all warmongers now'. It is a rather eloquent fact that the other day the Cominform newspaper announced the award of a Peace Prize to the writer of a book called *Poems of Hatred*.

Let me sum up. Dictatorship must be repressive. At the same time it has to justify this repression. It seeks to justify it as being necessary because of the danger of attack. But to make that plausible there must be a state of international tension. Removal of tension, any 'settlement', would remove the pretext for repression, and thereby threaten the stability of the Soviet regime itself. So I am forced to the conclusion, I am afraid—the depressing conclusion—that whatever we do we cannot end the state of tension, because the Soviet Government is afraid of the consequences of ending it. We cannot hope for an end of the cold war, because the cold war is an essential instrument of Soviet internal policy. Let me add that I do not think that the 'cold war' need turn into a 'hot war', or that, as things are, Stalin plans or intends new aggressions. If the west were to show itself weak or irresolute, he might—but that is another theme which I cannot discuss here.

Stalin, I think, does not want a 'hot war', but he wants, or rather I should say he needs, the 'cold war'. It is one of the pillars of his regime. And while that is so, I must conclude that I see no possibility whatever of a 'settlement'.—*European Service*

Among recent books received are the *Economic Bulletin for Europe*, First Quarter, 1951, prepared by the Research and Planning Division, Economic Commission for Europe, Geneva (Stationery Office, 3s. 9d.); *Review of Economic Conditions in Africa*, Supplement to the World Economic Report for 1949-50, prepared by the United Nations Department of Economic Affairs (Stationery Office, 9s.); the sixth annual report of the Nuffield Foundation, covering the year ending March 31, 1951 (Oxford University Press); *The British National Bibliography*, January-March, 1951, part of the cumulative reference service published by the Council of the British National Bibliography, edited by A. J. Wells; and *The New Society*, by E. H. Carr (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), reproducing the six lectures given in the Third Programme and published in THE LISTENER early this year. Under the title of *The Price of Peace*, the United Nations Department of Public Information has published a number of broadcasts which were arranged by the Radio Division; they include talks by Mr. Yakov A. Malik of the Soviet Union, Sir Gladwyn Jebb of the United Kingdom, Sir Benegal Rau of India, and a number of others. Its price is 1s. 9d. and it may be obtained from the Stationery Office.

Kenya: Colony of Contrasts

The first of five talks by PATRICK O'DONOVAN entitled 'New Out of Africa'

COLONIES have somehow gone out of fashion, or at least we have changed our minds about them. A colony is no longer a sort of extra backyard to England where the more energetic boys can play, but a serious responsibility and not always a pleasant one. We have some fifteen territories in Africa dependent upon us with a total population larger than that of the British Isles. And among the most peculiar and perplexing of them is Kenya. Traditionally it was the place to which difficult but sufficiently wealthy young men

At midday the hotel lounges are crowded with cheerful men who do not like the Labour Government and look as if they had been in the army. The sun blazes out of the sky and it is all as friendly and cheerful as a market day at home. And then the cars begin to move away and at night the streets are almost empty, with only a few neon lights winking an invitation to some respectable dance floor or bar. Because this is a business-like place.

But among these country crowds, in their waistcoats and scarves, with the faint suggestion of horses and well-run farms hanging over them, you notice another unobtrusive and separate population. These are the Africans. Some sit on the pavements selling rows of identical and hideous carvings. Some are sauntering home in trilby hats and bright shirts. And among them, standing still at a crossroads, there are always one or two old men wrapped in cheap blankets that have been stained red by the country dust. The lobes of their ears are stretched with little scraps of aluminium and sometimes reach almost to their shoulders. That will be a Kikuyu from just outside the city. Or you may see a tall and elegant young man, with just a cloth and few scraps of fur wrapped around him, with a bundle of copper rings at his ear, and all his body stained a rich reddish brown; he will look aloof and uncurious, proud as a prince, carrying a thin spear past the cinema, the bottle store and the milk bar. He is one of the Masai whom the British have never tried to change but left alone in a vast Reserve where they live on the milk and blood of cattle. Or you will see Indians moving to their offices in cars. Or lanky Pakistanis with their fur caps on their heads. And each group separate and distinct from the other.

On one side of the city, the European character completely breaks down. There is a street called River Road where the life of the Indians comes to the surface and bubbles and seethes down the narrow street. The houses are



Contrasts in Nairobi: the chief shopping centre, with its modern buildings—'a European capital'—

were sent, a place where they could spend their money and lives with a minimum of damage and scandal. I do not think it ever deserved its rakish reputation and today it is a very serious place indeed.

What we have done here is to produce a passable imitation of an English county out of a bit of the dry bush of Africa. Its capital, Nairobi, has an unmistakably English air. Its buildings are mostly of two or three storeys; its streets are wide and nondescript; there are a few municipal-looking palm trees. Its public buildings have columns along their fronts and look as if they had been designed by civil servants. Even in the centre of the city there is none of the imperial, the almost Roman, magnificence with which other powers decorate their overseas capitals. It is a European capital. Its streets are full of women in sensible cotton frocks doing their shopping. Farm lorries are always pulling up and girls in jumpers and riding breeches who have driven a hundred miles or so get out to buy a week's provisions and look at the new gramophone records and illustrated magazines.



—and shacks which house Africans in a part of the city where 'the European character completely breaks down'

made of wood with iron roofs. Balconies lean over the pavements and in their shadow Indians work all day selling cloth and rattling away on sewing-machines. Crowds in saris and dhotis and tribal dress and ex-army clothing, push and scramble and shout in a way that is very different from the conventional shoppers at the other end of the town. The little shops, piled to the ceiling with bolts of cloth, are decorated with glaring prints of Hindu saints and miracles, with photographs of Gandhi that are wreathed in tinsel flowers and with war-time posters of Mr. Churchill and Field-Marshal Montgomery.

There is another town at the end of this road. It has no centre and no monuments. It stretches like a rash over the low dry hills, round railway lines and the rubbish dumps. The ground here is worn bare by thousands of feet. It seems to crawl with people. This is where the Africans mostly live. These are the people who have left their tribes and traditional way of life to work on the railway and in factories and garages. Some of their houses are terrible. They are long brick hutches with a row of iron doors down their front and behind each door is a cell which is a house. The beds inside are like shelves in a store cupboard. Women cook in the dust by their doors, making a stove with a few bricks. There are a few trees worn smooth and sweaty by children climbing, and everywhere there are groups of young men talking and talking all through the day. Beyond it there are more of these suburbs. Some are neat and pleasant and some show the bare bones of a house, four walls and a concrete floor. This is where the strikes and the troubles start: this is Nairobi's insoluble problem—this growing army camped on their doorstep.

I went to a political meeting in one of these suburbs. It was held in a great bare hall. The place was as full as a hall could be and I was politely pushed through the window and given a bench near the platform. An African member of the Colony's Legislative Council was presiding, trying to keep order and produce a reasonable resolution of protest against some declaration made by the European settlers in the neighbouring territory of Tanganyika. There were only three or four Europeans there, and they sat quietly and shyly. But the man who really captured this meeting was an angry Sikh who sat in the front row. He was a tiny man, burnt out with anger. He wore a soiled turban from which wisps of hair escaped and his jacket was sagging around him with an enormous load of fountain pens. He kept interrupting until he was allowed to speak. And then, shouting swiftly and hysterically, in a high and painful voice, he gave the crowd what they wanted and turned the meeting into an uproarious protest against every sort of colonialism. They cheered and clapped and the chairman looked distressed and the Europeans allowed no expression on to their faces. The windows were now blocked with bodies and I had to sit there for nearly four hours. There was no escape from their fervour.

But if this is a part of Kenya of which one is bound to take notice, it is not the whole story. Beyond the cool highlands where the Europeans farm, beyond the green fields surrounded by wire fences and the lines of handsome trees planted as wind breaks, and beyond too the comfortable farm houses, you come to a brown and barren country. It looks like a national disaster. Here a tribe called the Wakamba have a reserve of some 5,000 square miles. This land is like this because the Wakamba and most East Africans are not by nature farmers. You can no more blame them for this than you can the French for speaking French. But they have been made to settle and they scratch the sides of hills and plant maize which is a killing crop that takes all the goodness out of the land. Then the fierce African rains come and sweep the soil off the fields down the hills and into the rivers and out to sea. All down the eastern coast, great red stains run out into the sea; each one marks a river mouth and it is as if the land were bleeding to death. A new

barrenness has come to this place within living memory. The tribes have increased in size; much of the land has been stripped to the bare rock; it needs the sort of love and devotion and capital expenditure that the Israelis have given their deserts and it does not get it. The hills look raw and chafed; the trees are gone for firewood; all that is left is a scrubby, twisted bush, torn at by goats, seamed with cattle tracks that become streams in the rains to carry more earth away; and more and more young Africans pack their bundles and make for the suburbs and the bright lights of the towns.

Somewhere in this district, I came upon a village where they were dancing. It was miles away at the end of an atrocious road. The little fields of maize rustled dryly at the edge of the dance place and there was a row of mean shops made out of squashed cans that had a few bars of soap and some tea and cheap cloth to sell. They were like tents fashioned out of tin in a hurry. These men and women and all the things they had ever done could be gone tomorrow and in a few months the land would show no sign of their passing. They were dancing on the edge of a plateau that fell away to a flat and appalling plain. It seemed to shake in the heat—a flat and crowded waste of small olive-green trees and grey scrub. On the horizon there rose a single mountain, touched with clouds. This was Mount Kilimanjaro; coldly symmetrical, its sides streaked with snow, it ruled the horizon with an almost ceremonial air. And marooned among all this drought and emptiness, these dancing men and women were somehow asserting their humanity.

They were dancing in a tight square and almost no one was watching. The men wore long cloths about their waist and on their heads plumes of floating feathers. The women wore black loin



Dancers of the Wakamba tribe, Kenya

cloths and beads. Eight drummers stood by them, straddling their legs so that the great drums lay across their knees; their heads were almost touching; their fingers and wrists moved in unison, producing a rush of urgent sound. The women stood in two lines and the men faced them. The women danced with a precise discipline as if they were the victims of the dance. They stamped their feet without emotion until the ground quivered and the dust rose to their knees; but the men leapt into the air and bent and swept the dust with their head feathers and turned hand springs in a slow, agonising arc. Their faces were transfixed with pleasure and they laughed as they danced. They came across the dust with such a splendour of noise and feathers and fine, dark bodies, that we clapped without thinking.

Here is a country of 20,000 Europeans, 100,000 Indians and some 5,000,000 Africans. It is not rich; it is beginning to be unhappy. It contains every degree of civilisation and primitive happiness. It is a long way from being a nation. Yet, by the actions of our forefathers, it is still ours to make or destroy.—*Home Service*

The Annual Report and Accounts of the British Broadcasting Corporation for the year 1950-1951, ending in March (Cmd. 8347), has been published by the Stationery Office, price 4s. 6d. It contains a review of sound broadcasting and television, and the annual statement of accounts is given in a revised form. The Report states that the Beveridge Report has been closely studied by the B.B.C. and that discussions with the T.U.C. on staff representation are in progress. The B.B.C. has suffered from restrictions on the part of some of the artists' unions, with whom negotiations have been reopened. The Copenhagen plan is said to have given the Corporation slightly worse wavelengths than before, and no hope is held out of any improvement in the position regarding European wavelengths. In the television service the expansion was rapid and on special occasions there has been a viewing audience of 2,000,000. In home sound broadcasting the unscripted controversy has had great powers of attraction, and in drama the trend is away from the horrific towards strong romantic plays and a more homely story. The Report is illustrated and contains appendices of statistics.

The African Comes to Town

By BASIL DAVIDSON

THIS story begins in Harrismith, a sleepy town on the borders of the Orange Free State and Natal. The general scene is wild and imposing. Across a limpid skyline rise the blue and quartz-white crags of the northern Drakensberg which mark the frontier of Basutoland—a great rampart of mountains, noble and remote, of which Rider Haggard surely dreamt when he wrote *King Solomon's Mines*. Between these distant crags and the town of Harrismith there roll and tumble down long undulating hills. These are the hills of the Witzieshoek Native Reserve: the home of about 14,000 Basuto people.

In the Courthouse

Earlier this year, for some months, the centre of public attention in Harrismith was to be found in the Courthouse. And inside the Courthouse, too, the scene has been wild and imposing in its way. When I was there, in June, about 150 of the Basuto of Witzieshoek were squatting, mostly on the floor, in a big, bare room with tall, cracked windows smeared in dust. Like all the rural Basuto, these people were clad in skilfully designed blankets of gay and garish colours. Otherwise, these Basuto were somewhat out of the ordinary, for nearly 100 of them were on trial for involvement in disturbances with the police during which a number of lives was lost.

The Witzieshoek trial—leaving aside the individual rights and wrongs of the case—seems to me to explain much of what is happening in South Africa. A little enquiry into the history of the Witzieshoek Reserve shows that the trial was only the climax of long years of unrest; and that the root of this unrest was neither in dispute nor peculiar to Witzieshoek. Everyone agrees that the Africans of Witzieshoek were discontented with their lot, and, consequently, somewhat unruly, because they had and have an easily defined and recognisable grievance. This grievance is land, or rather the lack of land. In the case of Witzieshoek, the shortage was made still worse by the efforts of the Administration to withdraw some of the land from use in order to apply measures of soil conservation. There was talk of compensating for this by acquiring more land for the reserve; but no more land, in the event, proved available. All the land around Witzieshoek—and the case is fairly typical of other native reserves in South Africa—is owned by white farmers who will not sell for African occupation.

Magnify this example of the African hunger for land, and you have the root problem of South Africa. About 3,000,000 Africans, or half the rural population, live in reserves which comprise no more than thirteen per cent. of the land. An African of Witzieshoek, I found, counts himself lucky to have two acres for himself and his family; neighbouring white farmers, outside the reserve, make the same allowance for a single sheep, and count themselves unlucky if they have less than 5,000 acres for a family. So the rural African comes to town. He has to; for if he stays at home he will not be at all the splendid, glossy, spear-waving creature you meet with in the guide book (though not elsewhere)—he will be so poor that he will slowly die of starvation. I have talked to Africans in the great Transkei Reserve whose income—for a family of four or five—is less than £45 a year, and who are spending as much as half of this meagre pittance in buying food from local store-keepers, although they live a completely rural life.

For an African of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, 'going to town' almost always means going to Johannesburg. They call it the city of Goli, the city of gold. Coming across the veld from the south you can see the gold-bearing Reef from far away, marked by a long, curving range of sharp-cut waste-dumps that gleam white in the sun, and give a new meaning to the old Boer name for the Reef; the Ridge of White Waters, the Witwatersrand.

To the Ridge of White Waters the Africans come in their thousands and ten of thousands, a dour and hungry army. As temporary migrants to work in the mines they have been coming now for sixty and seventy years. You find them here from almost every part of tropical and southern Africa: the mines between them employ more than 300,000

migrant workers. By the late 'thirties, however, South Africa began to enter an industrial revolution; and this process, much accelerated by the war, is now drawing Africans into the towns as permanent residents together with their wives and families. What is really new and vitally important in South Africa today—and shows the other and more hopeful side of the picture from the Witzieshoek trial—is this large-scale urbanisation of the rural African. While the racial policies of the South African Government tend to drive white and black ever more widely apart, the processes of economic development constantly force them together again. The census of 1946 showed that although there were twice as many whites in the towns as there had been in 1921, there were no less than three times as many Africans: and the number of town-dwelling Africans exceeds today the number of town-dwelling whites.

You find these town-dwelling Africans employed in many different trades. Although debarred from doing skilled work—or, at least, from receiving the wages of skilled work—they somehow manage to make themselves indispensable. They work as mechanics in garages; or they mind petrol-pumps; or they find employment in the Union's expanding steel and engineering industries. South Africa today would be pauperised in five minutes without African labour. Figures given me by Mr. Van Eck, the chairman of the state-financed Industrial Development Corporation, show that the number of Africans employed in non-mining industry in the Union was more than 300,000 in 1948, or more than double the number thus employed ten years before. The gross value of output of South African secondary industry is already three times bigger than in 1938.

It might be expected that this great urban expansion would have given rise to greatly improved conditions of life for the African community. Having called in the aid of the Africans for the building of an industrial society, South Africa might expect to bestow on them some of the benefits of industrialism. No doubt the chance of employment in the towns does much to relieve the congestion and misery of the reserves; here and there municipal councils have built good houses for their workers. Yet, for the most part, the Africans who inhabit the huge settlements around Johannesburg and other large towns of the Union live under conditions so appalling as to seem quite inexcusable in terms of the modern world. The African comes to town, seeking work and a better life than he can hope for in the reserve; but instead of willing hands to teach him the art and culture of urban living, and generally to civilise him, he finds himself compelled to live in slums which make the worst industrial slums of old Europe look like residential garden cities. He is submitted to a pattern of public influences which seem universally bad. While it is true that industrialisation may well prove the only real solution to South Africa's bitter racial problems, it is also true that the African, in the meantime, must pay for it with a price that is dreadfully steep.

'Deadly as the Shades of Cerberus'

I am thinking, especially, of one of the settlements near Johannesburg, where I spent a little time. This is a settlement for Africans who reside permanently in town together with their families: African miners, of course, are migrants who live in strictly bachelor quarters in the mining compounds, while domestic servants, when they live with their European employers, are not allowed to have their wives or husbands with them. This particular settlement for African residents is called Moroka, and one comes away from it with the sick uneasiness that occurs sometimes after a nightmare. Imagine it for yourself: 40,000 or 50,000 Africans—nobody quite knows how many—all huddled together within a wire fence in rugged, little sheds and shanties which are quite without water, light or sanitation. True enough, there is an attempt at sanitation and the provision of water on a communal but utterly inadequate basis: there is no lighting of any kind. At night these vast urban settlements around Johannesburg are as dark and deadly as the shades of Cerberus. White men are safe there only in the hours of daylight: after dark nobody ventures alone in the streets, for the streets

are terrorised by gangs of *Tsotsi* or 'cosh boys', who knife and shoot without the least provocation. In settlements such as Moroka humanity reaches the point where it tends to break down altogether.

Moroka, it is fair to add, is one of the worst of the African urban settlements of the Union. I looked at Alexandra Township, at the other end of the Reef, and found it better. Yet medical statistics show that Alexandra has the highest incidence of pulmonary tuberculosis for any part of the Rand. I am told by the medical authorities that it is one of the highest rates in the world—and perhaps twenty times higher than the rate for white South Africans.

Mr. Nkosi is a good example of what happens to the African who comes to town. Back at home, in the reserve, Mr. Nkosi would be likely to wear very few clothes but a great number of amulets and charms. But here, in Alexandra, the urbanised Mr. Nkosi has undergone a change. He dresses in strictly European clothes; and he dresses well. He looks like a prosperous grocer—or perhaps a busy and benevolent G.P., which is really what he is in tribal terms. The charms are there all right—more and more of them, if only because the evils which befall an African when he lives next door to the white man are many more even than those that afflict him in his rural reserve. But the charms are stored urbanely on shelves in his little shop—he buys them wholesale from recognised dealers—monkey's paws, skins of snakes, curious vegetables, nameless bones, bundles better not examined, a congeries of cures and potions. And Mr. Nkosi has his list of fixed charges. He had neatly fitted his mumbo-jumbo of superstition into the framework of urban life.

And one last picture of the African in town—at the other extreme.

To give it you I want to leave the Union of South Africa, and fly north for some five hours. I take this last picture from my Northern Rhodesian notebook, from Nkana in the Copperbelt, on the borders of the Belgian Congo. It is a picture of Mr. Katilunga and Mr. Kaluwa, two Africans who have never been out of their own country. They are eager and self-confident young men, though not given to boasting. They look as if they feel that the future is going to be different from the past—as if it is they who are going to make it different. And perhaps they are. For Mr. Katilunga and Mr. Kaluwa are the president and the general secretary of the Northern Rhodesian African Mineworkers' Union—a trade union which was established in 1949 with the encouragement of the British Government.

In contrast with South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, where the Governments do not permit African men to engage in recognised trade-union activities, in Northern Rhodesia this all-African union has in two years scored big successes in official negotiations with the copper-mining companies. It has a paid-up membership of 25,000 African miners; it has money in the bank; it has raised African wages through efficient collective-bargaining by as much as seventy-five per cent. It has big plans for the future; and hopes, this year, together with the other six African trade unions in this British Protectorate, to form a Northern Rhodesian Trades Union Congress which should form close ties with the British T.U.C. With Mr. Katilunga and Mr. Kaluwa and the 30,000 members of Northern Rhodesia's seven African trade unions, the tribal past in Africa gives way at last, and most hopefully, to the industrial future. For they, already, are a long way from the Witzieshoek Trial, and the dusty little Courthouse of Harrismith.—*Home Service*

Television: a New Factor in U.S. Diplomacy

By CLIFTON UTLEY

THE resignation of General George Marshall, our Secretary of Defence, was not unexpected. When he took the defence position a little more than a year ago, it was with the understanding that his term of office would be definitely limited. General Marshall is seventy, and it is no secret that his energy is not as great as in former years. He is being succeeded by his Deputy, Mr. Robert Lovett, a man of enormous energy, and one who, in general, can be counted on to follow the basic policies that General Marshall has laid down in the Department of Defence. Mr. Lovett has served the Government for more than ten years as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, as Under-Secretary of State—that was at the time General Marshall was Secretary of State—and as Under-Secretary of Defence, in which position he was General Marshall's Chief Deputy. Lovett, now fifty-six, can be counted on to push American defence with tremendous vigour. During the second world war he was given the seemingly impossible task of boosting American bomber production from 324 a month to 500, and finally to 1,000 a month. He did it.

One more point about General Marshall. It is understandable that many will regret seeing the name of Marshall pass from the political scene, given all that name has implied with respect to American co-operation with other nations. I think it is fair to say that General Marshall's retirement does not mean any lessening of American interest in, co-operation with, and aid for the free nations of this world.

We had some very interesting guests at our house recently, and so did about 30,000,000 other Americans. They included Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Kenneth Younger, Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. Andrei Gromyko, a gentleman from Ceylon whose name few of us Americans ever quite got, but whose manner and words will be remembered for a long time, and many others. There was also a Pole who kept shouting in French while Mr. Younger was making a speech, and a Czech lady who quite obviously did not like us very well. These guests were not physically present in our homes: they came into our living rooms by television. But most of us Americans feel as though they were personally with us. We know them as individuals, as friends, or in a few cases as antagonists, and not simply as statesmen whose names appear in newspaper headlines. Because the opening of the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference at San Francisco was also the opening of our transcontinental television network—opened for the first time in the

history of the United States. For the first time, people from Los Angeles, and San Francisco on the Pacific, to Boston, New York, Washington, and many other points on our Atlantic coast heard and saw a historic event at the moment it was happening, and saw it, in many ways, rather better than would have been possible had they actually been physically present at the Convention Hall in San Francisco.

The impact has been enormous. There will probably be very significant political consequences from the five days of conference telecasting in the United States. When one looks to the future, the possible consequences are even more striking. The televising of the conference for the first time, personalised and brought home to masses of people an important world political event, and did it on a nation-wide basis. It involved the viewer in the event in a way that the press and radio have never done, and never could do. You get this in people's conversation, and in the way that the San Francisco meeting is still the main topic of conversation wherever you go. Television changes the nature of people's responses to an event. The two remarks I have heard most frequently about your Minister of State, Mr. Kenneth Younger, are: 'My, isn't he young to hold a job like that?' And: 'Didn't he do a smooth job of handling that Pole?'

The latter remark refers to a rather dramatic incident in which a Polish delegate, whose time had expired, insisted on continuing after Mr. Dean Acheson in the chair had repeatedly told him to sit down, and to recognise Mr. Younger as the next speaker. Mr. Younger approached the speaker's stand and waited patiently for the Pole, while the Pole who had been speaking in his own language suddenly switched to French, and in that language began shouting at Mr. Acheson, the presiding officer. Suddenly—even those of us who saw it are not quite sure how it happened—Mr. Younger was in front of the speaker's stand, the Pole was off to one side, Mr. Younger quietly began his speech. The Pole kept on talking for a while, but finally, with a shrug of his shoulders that expressed absolute futility, the Polish delegate gave up and returned to his seat. Mr. Younger proceeded to deliver an excellent address, but the point is that the speech alone, had it been simply reported in the press, or even heard on the radio, would probably have been rather quickly forgotten. Today you can go anywhere, mention the name Younger, and people will say with a smile:

'Oh yes, Younger. He's that young lad that did such a good job with that Pole'. Let me make it clear, I am not calling Mr. Younger a young lad: I am simply reporting what I hear others hereabouts saying. People here like Mr. Younger. They feel he is a friend: they feel they know him. Mr. Morrison they know rather less well, because he arrived only for the last formal conference session, and thus was not engaged in the rough-and-tumble conference debate. Mr. Younger was.

From our American standpoint, the most important political consequence of the conference telecasts was the manner in which they helped rehabilitate our Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. It may come as something of a surprise to some to hear the word 'rehabilitate' used in connection with the name of our Foreign Secretary. The word was not used lightly. Mr. Acheson has been a very controversial

personality in American domestic policy. He has been the focus of Republican Party political attacks, and I think it is fair to say that Republican leaders have counted on the continuous presence of Mr. Acheson in the Truman Cabinet to win a great number of votes for the Republicans in the 1952 elections. Republican leaders have for months been publicly demanding that Mr. Acheson resign, and privately fearing he might resign and thus deprive them of what they believe was a vote-winning issue. No simple explanation of Mr. Acheson's rather wide unpopularity is possible. To some extent, it is inherent in the office. Any American Foreign Secretary must repeatedly ask Americans to make sacrifices to aid other nations, sacrifices most Americans know they must make in the interests of their own as well as the other nations' survival, but which they still are not very enthusiastic about making. Thus, under the best conditions, it would be difficult for any American Secretary of State to be affirmatively popular. In addition, Mr. Acheson made what proved to be a severe tactical error at the time of the conviction of Alger Hiss, whom you will recall had earlier been a State Department official and a personal friend of Mr. Acheson. The basis of the Hiss conviction was that Mr. Hiss perjured himself when he swore he had never been a communist. After this conviction Mr. Acheson, asked for a comment, said he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. To anyone with any background in reading the Bible, the meaning of this was perfectly clear: but Republican and some Democratic politicians and newspapers chose to misinterpret the remark for political reasons. They made a great campaign of Mr. Acheson's statement, claiming it showed Mr. Acheson was sympathetic to, or, as the more popular phrase had it, 'soft on' communism, and therefore was not a fit person to be Secretary of State. The campaign against Mr. Acheson has continued to this day: it has been politically effective to the Republicans. Mr. Acheson has been a domestic political liability to the Truman Administration. President Truman has kept Mr. Acheson partly because Mr. Truman does not lightly dismiss his aides when they are under attack, and partly because he has great confidence in the skill and soundness of Mr. Acheson's basic diplomacy.

But, you may ask: what has all this got to do with television, and the televising of the San Francisco Japanese Peace Treaty Conference? Just this: Mr. Acheson did a brilliant job at the conference. It would have been just as brilliant, of course, had there been no nation-wide televising of the conference. But had there been no such televising, politicians and newspapers opposed to Mr. Acheson could have slighted or ignored his performance. And Mr. Acheson would have emerged from the conference no stronger with the American public than he went in. But since the conference sessions were televised on a coast to coast basis, millions of Americans have now seen Mr. Acheson in

action. Numbers of persons have come to me since the conference and said with a note of surprise in their voices: 'Why, he's a good man. There's nothing wrong about him. He's no friend of the communists'. The number who have said things like that is almost pathetic. I can realise that to you, outside the United States, who have not experienced the viciousness of the political campaign against Mr. Acheson, it must come as something of a surprise that Mr. Acheson could need defending against such charges. Yet he did. No profession he himself might have made in public statements or speeches could ever have accomplished for him what his day-to-day actions at the San Francisco Conference accomplished, when seen by television.

This week, even his opponents have been arising in the United States Senate to pay tribute to his brilliant conduct of the conference.

Senator Knowland, one of the six Republican Senators who voted against the confirmation of Mr. Acheson at the time he was first appointed, was one of those who praised the Secretary of State for having done a brilliant job at San Francisco. In part, these tributes from erstwhile opponents represent a measure of sportsmanship; but to a large extent they result from the knowledge that enough of the country has now seen Mr. Acheson personally in action, and seen him in action long enough to make up its own mind about him, and that the previous type of smear charges will no longer work, and may even boomerang against the maker of the charges.

Looking a little into the future, it seems as though nation-wide television, now that it is here, is bound to have an even greater political impact in years ahead. One of the things it may do is to impose greater accuracy on journalists and commentators, who previously had been the main avenue for interpreting political personalities to the public, but who now must give way to the direct approach where the political personality interprets himself to millions through the medium of television. When the political personality could not appear direct and be seen by millions of people, all the political smear attacks had to do was to be careful to avoid the actual laws of libel and slander. Now that the man attacked can by direct television appearance

disprove the baser forms of political caricature in attack, the situation is materially changed. Admitting that we Americans still have a tremendous amount to learn about this new medium of television, most of us in this country are inclined to think that the change is definitely for the good.—*Home Service*



What Americans saw on the television screen: Mr. Kenneth Younger, leader of the British delegation to the Japanese Peace Conference at San Francisco, addressing the assembly, in face of protest from Mr. Stefan Wierblowski, chief Polish delegate

A new edition of B. H. Liddell Hart's *The Other Side of the Hill* is now available, revised and amplified and containing three new chapters (Cassell, 17s. 6d.). Some of the points brought out in this edition are that Hitler's decision to change the plan for the invasion of the west, and to adopt Manstein's 'Ardennes' plan, was only determined by the strange air accident in Belgium through which the original plan fell into Allied hands (although the Allied Command were inclined to regard it as a fake); that almost immediately after Hitler had belatedly approved the attempt to invade England, he turned aside and started to think of invading Russia—in the autumn of 1940; that in January 1941 he momentarily returned to the project of invading England, and contemplated an airborne coup to seize the Cornwall-Devon peninsula; that the invasion of Russia was launched without Hitler and his Army Command reconciling their different views as to their objectives; that his Army Command was even more responsible than Hitler, who began to have doubts, for the disastrous continuation of the advance on Moscow in the snow; that the prolonged German stand in Italy was made possible only by the Allies' persistence in pushing up the length of the peninsula; and that Hitler correctly deduced, in contrast to most of his generals, that the Allies would land in Normandy instead of between the Seine and Calais.

The Listener

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Ourselves and Others

MANY will share Mr. William Plomer's wish, expressed in his talk which we reproduce this week, that the idea of foreignness was getting less strong. We live in times that are in so many ways inimical to civilised thinking that reflections of the sort Mr. Plomer here offers us are welcome. There was a period between the wars, somewhere about the year 1928 or 1929, when the international movement was at its height and when one might perhaps have been forgiven for imagining that the cruder expressions of anti-foreignism and the more self-righteous attitudes of nationalist feeling had had their day, and that jingoism was a thing of the past. Old conceptions, however, die hard; and if they are thrust out they, like nature, have a habit of returning. Their guise or the words with which they clothe themselves may not be the same, but their essential quality will remain unchanged. Not that jingoism is the mood today: far from it. Not that there is any considerable body of opinion in this country given over to national self-righteousness: a case might even be made out for the reverse being true. But this is not at all the same thing as saying that the moods and feelings opposed to these old conceptions are in the ascendant. The spirit of tolerance, of live-and-let-live, of good understanding and of diffidence—this spirit is not finding the climate of our times embarrassingly congenial, and in so far as it survives at all in the world today, it is on the defensive and surely stands in need of reinforcement.

For this state of affairs there are many reasons, chief among them no doubt the state of the world itself, the clash of creeds and ideologies, the manoeuvring for positions of advantage or superiority, the jealousies and hates that have entered and polluted the world's bloodstream, the sense of futility and even despair that for many seems to overshadow man's endeavours. These are factors that in greater or less degree make for the hardening of opinion and general intolerance. In the contemporary scene there appears more to be *against* than *for*. It is an atmosphere in which it is easy even for sensible people, perhaps especially for sensible people, to feel foreign.

There remains the question what, if anything, can one do about it? Mr. Plomer's half wish that someone would take *inaction* has, in the sense in which he is speaking, much to commend it. A slowing-down of the tempo of events would give us all a breathing space, a period for reflection. But not for nothing has this been called an age of speed and much else besides time marches on. Yet, in spite of all, we can at least preserve or try to preserve a level outlook. We can at least refrain or try to refrain from giving way to prejudices which may be popular but for that reason are not less pernicious. We can at least practise or try to practise the gentler as well as, if we must, the sterner virtues. We can at least show or try to show that civilised conduct and generous behaviour do really form part of what we call our way of life, and in fact supply one of the reasons why that way of life is worth living and, if the necessity should ever arise, worth defending. Attempts of this kind will not come amiss. They may even one day—who knows?—create in the world an environment in which we shall all of us feel less foreign, more at home.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Washington meetings

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE provided the main target for Soviet and satellite comment this week, and the conclusion was drawn that the meeting of the three Foreign Ministers was further evidence of a feverish intensification of war preparations in the west. Moscow radio broadcast an international review on the conference, published in *Pravda*. After declaring that the primary purpose of the talks was 'the acceleration of the remilitarisation of western Germany and its transformation into a hotbed of aggression', the review said:

The Atlantic Pact bosses look upon the German-Fascist army as their main shock force. However, the increasing tempo of west German remilitarisation evokes growing anxiety among the peoples of western Europe. To counteract the growing protests of the people against the remilitarisation of western Germany, the ruling circles of Britain, France and other Marshallised countries are searching for various methods by which they hope to confuse public opinion. It is not fortuitous that Plevin's well-known plan to establish a so-called European Army has again been brought to the fore.

Another Moscow comment directed to this country stated that the aim of the conference was 'to arm Britain's former enemies and grant them equal rights in the North Atlantic bloc' and added:

This strongly suggests that in future the Americans will be able to use the west German war machine as a gun pointed towards their west European partners. It is absolutely obvious that the menace of the German desire for revenge will constantly loom over Britain and turn her into a servile pawn in the U.S.A.'s aggressive plans.

A still more sinister interpretation of the proposed arming of western Germany was put out to this country by another Moscow commentator:

With the full consent of Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison and their colleagues, warplanes will soon take off once again from western German airfields. Many of them will be piloted by the very flyers who repeatedly bombed Londoners during the last war and they will be under the command of the same Nazi generals who led them then. It is true that Mr. Morrison assures you that the German armed forces which are being restored with his direct participation will fight in a future war on the side of the Western Powers against the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies; but those same hopes were formerly nurtured by Chamberlain and Halifax when they did everything to promote the arming of the Hitler Reich, counting on spearheading Hitler's aggression eastwards. No, British rulers have learnt nothing from past experience.

Britain's latest counter-move in the Persian oil dispute is the subject of much comment. Vienna's 'Russian Hour' commentator described the blocking of Persia's sterling facilities as 'putting the halter round Persia's neck' in an attempt to prolong the 'shameless exploitation of Persian national property'. A broadcast from the 'Azerbaijan Democratic Radio', which is generally believed to be on Soviet territory, said that after Moussadeq's proposed fifteen-day ultimatum, the British Government had acted like a wounded tiger. The radio went on to say:

The British could not tolerate Moussadeq's threat, and are now saying openly that they will occupy Abadan by force. This proves once again that the British have no respect for Persian independence, and that when they see their interests at stake, they violate Persian integrity.

Moscow maintained silence, but told listeners in Persia that the British Press is 'openly inviting the Anglo-American imperialists to conduct a policy of force in the Middle East'.

The trial of certain Catholic Church dignitaries in Bucharest on a charge of spying on behalf of the Vatican, Italy and other Western Powers is also hailed by eastern commentators as first-hand evidence of western aggressiveness. Bucharest radio reported that the workers present at the trial 'watched with hatred and disgust the repulsive persons who have now to account for their deeds' and claimed that 'the masses of the Catholic faithful in this country have rejected scornfully and indignantly the activities of the accused men, and have pledged themselves to intensify the fight for peace and socialism'. But the most startling comment on the trial was made by Moscow radio, which broadcast the following piece of information:

During the trial of the Anglo-American spies in Bucharest, the defendant Pintori declared that the Italian Minister Sforza had a secret meeting with Tito on a ship in the Adriatic. An agreement was reached whereby Yugoslavia consented to the cession of Trieste to Italy by the Western Powers. Furthermore, Tito and Sforza agreed to postpone the solution of the problems of the ports of Rijeka and Pula until Yugoslavia and Greece divide Albania.

Did You Hear That?

GUARDIAN OF THE PURBECK

'THERE IS ONLY ONE GAP in the Purbeck and in that gap stands a rounded hill, crowned by the ruins of Corfe Castle', said IVOR MORRIS in a West of England Home Service talk. 'Corfe Castle dominates the Isle of Purbeck. From the heathland to the north it is a square, dark object, with the bulky ridges of Knowle Hill sprawling down upon it like the back of some prehistoric monster. But if you stand at Kingston, on rising ground opposite, you can gaze upon a fairy palace, rising with pinnacles and terraces, framed between the extending hills, with the glint of water behind it, and clouds floating above. But the view from close at hand has something of the nature of fantasy. The great hill is so nearly vertical that much of the castle is lost to sight; you lean against a lichen-covered wall and gaze up at a tiny human figure near the top of the green slopes, while cars buzz round beside you, and a train, dwarfed by comparison, puffs over a bridge nearby.'

'When you have entered the shattered gateway, flanked by its round towers, you experience a feeling of wonder—wonder at the massive strength of this great ruin, and at the violence of the force which has reduced it. For Corfe Castle is a mere shell. The keep, at the top of the mound, is completely destroyed, save for some gaunt portions of its stonework. From this high point the curtaining lines of the outer wall descend on either side to enclose a great area of the hill, so that you find yourself in a vast lawn, bounded by the walls, and climbing at the far end ever more steeply in successive stages to the mass of masonry which once formed the stately twin towers of the keep.'

'The vengeful fury of the Roundheads could do no more than breach in sections the firmly mortared outer walls; you can enter some of their almost perfect turrets and look down on the traffic threading its way through the town. Other turrets stand on their own, inclining at crazy angles high above the rolling landscape, seemingly held suspended by the ivy which clings in every crevice.'

'Below, crags of masonry rest where they were sent, in the words of Milton, "with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition"—for Milton belonged to the party which destroyed Corfe.'

'And then you begin to climb the ascending line of tilting turrets and sloping walls towards the ruined keep, which towers up above. You follow a string of sightseers along a path that twists and turns past masses of stones overgrown by bushes, and through vast ruined arches. Finally, you emerge at the base of the main walls, eight feet and more thick, with flowers a-bloom in their ledges. And that is the end—the blank walls lead the eye up to jagged edges and the depths of a blue sky.'

'But as you look down, and note the perfect roundness of the turrets in the afternoon sun, you realise that this is not the end—for Corfe is the home of countless memories of the past. The spirit of William the Conqueror is still reflected in the stern lines of the fortress he first built; but perhaps its secret lies in the many tragedies that were here bravely endured: by the twenty-two knights murdered by cruel, unhappy King John, or by Eleanor, the sister of Prince Arthur, who spent here many years of a lifetime of imprisonment.'

'Perhaps, on the other hand, it is the irony, ever present, that this

defenceless and exposed mound once knew a time when there was no arguing against its massive stone and iron—when the surrounding hills were darkened by besieging armies until, at first under Lady Mary Bankes, Corfe stood alone against Parliament, only to be betrayed and systematically demolished.

'In those fires were forged the political institutions we know today; and Corfe, with its crumbled fortifications, is merely a symbol. But it keeps to itself the secret of the lives of those countless thousands who fought and lived and died here'.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARCHIVIST

Speaking of his adventures as a county archivist, in 'Worcestershire Miscellany', E. H. SARGEANT said that these begin by 'finding out where the old records are. Then' (he continued) 'we try to bring them into the fire-proof strong rooms at Worcester to be stored with the 500,000 already kept there. All those who want historical information are welcome to use them.'

'Consequently, much of my time is spent in looking after the records already in safe custody. These include the Quarter Sessions and County Council archives which together form the backbone of the county collection.'

'I am not an historian myself. My job, on behalf of the Records Committee of the County Council, is to provide the raw material from which the historians work. There is already enough work inside the Shirehall to keep me busy for a few hundred years. It is not enough just to hold these records. We must be able to produce them quickly, and that means catalogues and indexes—a slow job.'

But neither is it enough to stay in the Shirehall and do this while other valuable records, at present lying in attics, cellars, and garden sheds all over the county, may be in danger of loss by fire, damp, neglect, or the salvage drive. Consequently, I try to get out at least once a week to look for these old records. If I cannot get them into the Shirehall I do the next best thing and make a list of them so that a student can be told where to find what he wants.

'Worcestershire is a big place and I cannot cover it quickly enough on my own, but, thanks to the organisation of the National Register of Archives, I have more than 160 people who have volunteered to help in this part of my work. This national scheme aims at compiling in London a complete master catalogue of all the documentary material in the country—a huge task which is, however, confined to listing only. We are looking for paper and parchment, Roman remains, coins, earthworks, subterranean passages, and the like are not our concern at all, though I must say that some of the places where I have found old records resemble subterranean passages, and overalls are an essential item of an archivist's hunting kit. This is not to say that we do not find other things than documents: last year I found a bag of golden sovereigns.'

'Most of our finds are, of course, of purely local interest. Old deeds of property are perhaps the most common find of all, or family letters showing how people lived centuries ago—and loved, too; they did not always destroy their love letters.'

'Recent discoveries have in-



The ruins of Corfe Castle, framed by the roofs of the little town in the Isle of Purbeck to which it gave its name

G. F. Allen

cluded the original orders of Prince Rupert when he was billeting his troops in Worcester during the Civil War; a letter of Mary Habington who has been suspected of giving the Gunpowder Plot away to Lord Mounteagle (incidentally this letter helps to prove she did not); and a large parchment document found a few weeks ago in a country house at Bayton. This gives the complete establishment and pay of the whole of the British Army in 1695, together with its Dutch allies. How this document of national importance came to be in a tiny Worcestershire village is a mystery which, so far, I have not had time to solve. But I am going out to Bayton again. In that same house are boxes and boxes of old manuscripts which, from the quick glance I was able to give them, contain more material which may be of equal, if not greater, interest'.

FEROCIOUS FISH WITH A VIOLET EYE

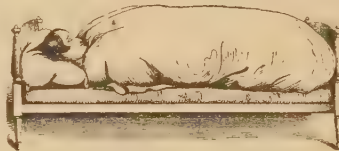
NORMAN MARSHALL spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about a fish that is being used to keep down mosquitoes. 'The Gambusia', he said, 'originally came from the swamps and streams of the Americas—North and South. At its biggest, it is only two or three inches long, but it is one of the most ferocious fish there is. Put a couple of them into a tank with, for example, goldfish, and they will just wade into the goldfish. They will even nip off the ends of a water snail's horns, and they do not give any warning of attack—they just dart in. It is one of the fish that gives birth to its young: it does not spawn or lay eggs. And apparently the newly born Gambusia are very much alive to the possibility of being snapped up and swallowed by their parents, or any other adult Gambusia in their immediate neighbourhood, because immediately they are born they dive for cover into some crevice, and stay there until they have grown too large to be swallowed whole.'

'When the Gambusia was first put on the market for aquaria, it was advertised as "the eighth wonder of the world", "the fish with the violet eye", "the fish that produces up to forty young at a time". But it was very soon found that they kill each other off when kept in close captivity. However, the first specimens in captivity—if you can call it that—soon proved to their owners that their young are born and not hatched from eggs, that they breed at a most fantastic rate, and that they are as greedy as they are aggressive.'

'Their favourite food is the larvae of insects, and among the larvae they devour is that of the mosquito. They seem to be an ideal weapon in the battle against the mosquito, and they are being used most successfully in this battle. In fact, this little fish not only helped to keep malaria and yellow fever down during the building of the Panama Canal, but it has helped to make the Panama Isthmus habitable. And it is doing good work in keeping mosquitoes down in parts of Spain, India, Tunisia and other parts of Africa.'

'Some years ago a few pairs were released in the swamps at the mouth of the River Tweed in New South Wales. Soon there were thousands of them; but then a school of twenty will multiply to 3,000 in six months. They found their way from the swamps into the Tweed itself, and then up the creeks, flowing into the Tweed from Queensland. Then, in 1941, a number of Gambusia were sent from New South Wales to Queensland—to Brisbane. Later on a number were released in other parts—for example, in an old quarry half full of water some twelve miles from Brisbane where the mosquitoes are bad. Subsequently the quarry overflowed, and not long afterwards the fish were found in the surrounding marshes and swamplands. Gambusia proved so successful in keeping mosquitoes down that batches of them were liberated at one place after another.'

'What does this remarkable fish look like? Its body is grey to olive in colour, with a suffusion of rich, light blue. There is a blue tint in the lower part of the tail fin; and there is a good bit of blue about the head, particularly around the eyes—violet eyes. The dorsal fin is a pale yellow, edged with black, and the male is adorned with tiny black spots. It is a fresh-water fish, but it seems to accept almost any kind of water. For example, it is doing well in the many salt-water swamps in the Brisbane area. In fact, in Australia it is doing well in fresh water and brackish water, in clean and muddy water, in stagnant pools and in running streams; and it is happy in cold water or warm. It is being used in mosquito-infested swamps which for one reason or another it would prove impossible, or too expensive, to drain. Fortunately, it is seldom attacked by disease, and does not seem to have many enemies. It is its own worst enemy, for there would be millions more Gambusia if they did not kill each other off the way they do'.



'THREE WEEKS IN WET SHEETS'

'John Wall was born at Powick, between Malvern and Worcester, in 1708', said GERALD MORICE in a Midland Home Service talk. 'In 1756 he published a fourteen-page pamphlet, *Experiments and Observations on the Malvern Waters*. He had analysed the water and found it free from all organic matter. But this same purity gave rise to the satiric couplet:

The Malvern water, says Dr.
Wall,
Is famed for containing just
nothing at all.

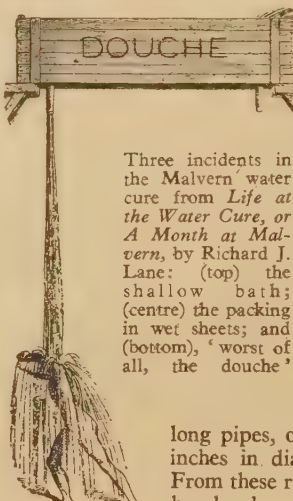
'Nevertheless, his enthusiasm succeeded in attracting many people to the Holy Well at what is now known as Malvern Wells, which enjoyed a distinct fame as a minor or local spa for many years. People went on sipping and swallowing the water of the Holy Well right on into the early nineteenth century, as is noted by John Chambers in his *History of Malvern*, published in 1817. Yet there was to be a drastic change before long.

'A few years after John Chambers had published his *History*, Vincenz Priessnitz, at Graefenberg, in what was then Austrian Silesia, was developing his theory and practice of hydropathy. Hydropathy, with its external and internal use of water, was no new thing. It had been practised by Hippocrates in the fourth century B.C. But Priessnitz gave it a new and modern application—and the "Water Cure" was born. Hydropathy became all the rage. Doctors hastened to the "wonder man", whose reputation spread far and wide. They returned to their own countries and proceeded to make use of the new method.

'Among those who had visited Graefenberg was a certain James Wilson, a physician of North London. To him is due the introduction of hydropathy into this country. He got to know a Dr. James Gully, and the two of them started looking for somewhere to set up as practitioners of the new system. Their journeys brought them to Great Malvern, which, despite its local renown, had remained a small community. Their choice fell on the place. The date of their visit was 1842, and within a very short time Dr. Wilson had opened a "hospital for water patients". This was the "hydropathic establishment", later known as "the hydro"; today the building, much enlarged, of course, serves as an hotel.

'Dr. Gully had his establishment also, or rather he had two establishments. These were the "Tudor House for Gentlemen" and "Holyrood House for Ladies". Other doctors soon followed, each with their own boarding-house-cum-sanatorium. One of the best known was Dr. Grindrod at Townshend House.

'The "Water Cure" consisted of the internal and external application of water. Gallons had to be drunk, and there were all sorts of baths and treatment. There is quite a well-known little book, *Three Weeks in Wet Sheets; being the Diary and Doings of a Moist Visitor to Malvern*. The book tells of what would happen to one at Dr. Wilson's "Hydro". One might be enveloped in a "dripping sheet" or given a "lamp bath". For this last the patient sat on a chair, with a lighted lamp beneath, draped with blankets till he or she "formed a kind of marquee"; tremendous sweating ensued, with occasional glasses of cold water imbibed to intensify the process.

'But surely worst of all was the "douche". After undressing, he says, "you descend some eight or ten feet, by a flight of steps, into a place or pit. . . . From the roof two large, long pipes, one nearly two and the other about three inches in diameter, point menacingly down on you. From these rush streams of water to the tune of several hogsheads per minute, like miniature Niagaras"'.




Three incidents in the Malvern water cure from *Life at the Water Cure, or A Month at Malvern*, by Richard J. Lane: (top) the shallow bath; (centre) the packing in wet sheets; and (bottom), 'worst of all, the douche'

The Talkative Politician

By EDWARD SHILS

IN the United States of America the right of nearly everyone to speak for himself is not only widely recognised, it is a right which is almost as nearly used. With it, in addition, goes the right to speak at the top of one's voice—to be as outspoken and perhaps even as rude as one's temperament demands. Far from everyone uses his right to make as much public noise as possible—most because they are not so inclined, many because they do not have the resources to do so. On the public stage, however, politicians, together with newspapermen, newsreel commentators, radio and television broadcasters, produce words without number. There is almost a runaway inflation of talk in American public life. The most notorious political talkers, like Rankin, McCarthy, McCarran, Wherry, are of course only a small minority, making themselves heard and felt far out of proportion to their numbers and their fundamental strength. Their influence, which is significant, but by no means as preponderant as left-wing myth-makers imagine, is however made possible by the general belief that a man should talk as much as he desires and in any way he feels appropriate. The organs of mass-communication are consecrated to this end. The public, which hears much but which listens very selectively, approves. The law of libel permits it; the free-swinging quality of the American variant of the English language facilitates it. And the whole tradition of American politics fosters it.

Strain and Irritation

Politics in all countries is a talkative profession. But the decentralised, loosely-knit character of the American party system makes American politicians more talkative than most. In the United States, much more than in Great Britain, the politician is on his own. The national party in the United States plays only a very slight part in the selection of candidates and in the financial support and conduct of their campaign. No brilliant young lawyer, fresh from the triumphs of his university Union, will be given a constituency by an American party. And a candidate's difficulties, once he is elected, certainly do not diminish. For one thing, four-fifths of Congress face elections every two years. Hence the politician must, in the first instance, always think of retaining the support of his own personal organisation at home. The loyalty of his supporters rests largely upon his own personality. The large distances which separate him from his constituency during much of each year and its immense population at all times—it is about six times that of the British constituency—make personal contact difficult. This produces a constant anxiety lest the machine transfer its loyalties to one of his rivals while he is away in Washington. It leads the American legislator to use up his time and energy in performing quite trivial commissions on behalf of his constituents; it also makes him attribute undue weight to the more raucous and demanding sections of his constituency. Dependence on those whom one seldom sees makes for an anxious hypersensitivity, and, very often, a distorted reading of the constituency's wishes. Overburdened with legislative and budgetary proposals which are beyond his detailed comprehension, harried by lobbyists, and distracted by the task of keeping his constituents satisfied, the American politician works under a great strain. When he speaks on the great issues of the day, this strain is expressed in irritation and broad generalities. And speak he must, if he is to reach his constituents and survive politically.

Then, too, the American system of introducing proposed legislation makes for a certain competition in talkativeness. In the United States even the bills proposed by the Administration as part of the general legislative programme are sponsored by particular legislators and carry their names. Moreover, each individual legislator may offer his own amendments or even his own private version of any bill. All this involves persuasive oratory, it exacerbates political rivalry, and it makes the new politician intensely and immediately aware of his need to stand before the public eye and to catch and hold its ear.

This dependence of the politician on his own individual efforts if he is to survive, underlies much of the irresponsibility which congressmen sometimes manifest in debating and voting on legislation. Where

the result is predetermined by the known majorities in House and Senate, some members of the House think that they will flatter the prejudices of their constituencies by loudly opposing a bill on which they have no strong sentiments and which is in any case certain to pass. Not infrequently, the House of Representatives has passed legislation knowing that the Senate would reject it. Its aim in doing so was simply to keep its record straight with its constituents.

For the same reason, a place on special investigating committees looking into crime, subversion, and other sensational issues, is most desired by legislators. For these issues are non-controversial—no votes will be lost, no toes stepped on, and full publicity is guaranteed. Moreover, the success of some committees in gaining publicity has been so notable and the legislators' conception of the proper division of labour between themselves and the Civil Service so vague that some of them are ready to create a committee on almost anything in which the public might be interested, however trivial. A recent example was the short-lived demand for an enquiry into the dismissal of the ninety West Point cadets.

The average American congressman, by and large, is probably not the inferior in knowledge or intelligence to the average Member of Parliament. Yet why does the debate in the House of Commons and political behaviour of the M.P. outside Parliament, make a somewhat better impression? In large part, it is because, in the House of Commons, the individual quality of the ordinary back-bencher is blanketed by the greater predominance of the party leadership. The fool has much less opportunity to make a fool of himself in public—he is restrained by party discipline, and perhaps by a genuine respect for his superiors. In Congress, on the other hand, the irresponsible fool as well as the more sober and responsible man has the freedom, the power, and the necessity to speak at will. If this explains why the American politician is such a talkative animal, it does not sufficiently account for why so much of his public talk is directed against civil servants, intellectuals, and communists. The most general factor underlying this is the cleavage between the Administration and Congress, between the bureaucrats and the politicians. And this cleavage, in turn, arises in some measure from American class relations.

Low Social Status of American Legislators

In social status, the American politician compares very poorly with the university-trained professional and the business man. The new Civil Service called forth by the New Deal was staffed preponderantly by university graduates. Previously the Federal Civil Service had been staffed largely by place-holders of negligible educational qualifications, recruited through the patronage at the disposal of the legislators. Roosevelt's Civil Service reforms reduced this power of patronage. And, at the same time, the social and economic reforms gave increasing power to the administrative bureaucracy. The legislators resented both these losses in power, particularly their loss to a body of men who were predominantly better educated and of higher social status. As 'men of the people', American legislators are traditionally resentful of 'high-brows'. In hearings before congressional committees, and in the execution of errands wished on them by a demanding electorate, they had many occasions to encounter the new type of bureaucrat—and they did not like him. Nor, for that matter, did the new bureaucracy, during the period of Roosevelt's greatest ascendancy, take any particular pains to spare the feelings of the legislators. The upper hand which the bureaucrat had acquired on the basis of his greater technical knowledge was made more obnoxious by the visible attitude of superiority which the educated administrator took up towards the fumbling politician.

In the 'thirties, the reaction of the legislators to this disdain was held within bounds by the overwhelming personality of the President, and the exceptionally brilliant and able group of administrators which he gathered about him. With the end of the war and Roosevelt's death, many of these men retired, and the lesser self-confidence of President Truman and his new civil servants released a great flood of accumulated animosity and obstructiveness.

Since the congressional elections of 1946, this fury has become further aggravated by the ravenous appetite of the Republican Party for power. As you saw in the House of Commons earlier this year, being on the verge of power whips up the appetite for it. This had added further acrimony to political talkativeness. The principle and the prejudices of the Republicans make it easy for them to fuse their grievances against welfare legislation, bureaucracy, communist subversion and university teachers into one amalgamated grievance against the present Administration. The discipline of organised American politics is even looser in the opposition party, since it lacks even the rather limited amount of patronage by which the government party can control some of its members. An unscrupulous politician sees his opportunity in this sort of situation and his activities are tolerated for tactical reasons by very many of the otherwise respectable members of his party. They are willing to try any means to get back to office, especially if someone does the dirty work for them.

Clamour upon Clamour

To deal with a situation in which the Administration has little control over Congress the President appeals directly to the public over the heads of the legislators. This naturally increases the total clamour, since the electorate becomes correspondingly noisier, and the bitter clamour of the opposition likewise grows.

Now, however much the American party system, with its tradition of leaving the individual politician to make his own way, requires each man to seek publicity for himself, the uproar would only be a whisper in the national ear if it were not for the technology of mass communications and the occupational ethos of its agents. Their febrile enthusiasm for their work, for bigger and better shows, and scoops, and 'inside stories' is permeated by the belief that the world was created to provide a succession of newsworthy and reportable events. The strenuous race of the American journalist world brings to the fore men whose first interest was often sport, or crime, or local politics, and whose professional skill was developed through dramatic descriptions of prize fights, and crime detection. Everything is fair game for them. The professional pride in scoops and individual 'angles' tends to reduce sobriety in reporting and to accentuate the melodramatic elements in public life. The journalists' search for dirty linen joins with the general distrust of politicians. Politicians and administrators are constantly pressed to speak their views on the greatest issues of war and peace.

A considerable proportion of American politicians openly exploit or comply with this situation. They think it either right or necessary. Debate in Congress is accordingly weakened in favour of the press conference in the legislator's office. Legislative investigations designed to elicit facts to guide the work of Congress yield ground increasingly to legislative committees with their mind on newspaper headlines and the television screens. Radio and television interviews, articles in the popular weeklies, are much desired by politicians. Diplomatic consultations and negotiations are hampered by the legislators' belief in the rightfulness or necessity of unlimited publicity; leaks in governmental security arrangements are encouraged by the press and tolerated and even welcomed by those very legislators who are at the same time demanding tighter security restrictions.

Then, of course, there is the American electorate toward whose favour all this talk is directed. No people are more tenacious of their rights, more insistent on their superiority over the government, and more ready to assert their demands than are the Americans. These indispensable democratic virtues are also the source of much of the disorder which I have been discussing. There is very little of Burke in the American popular conception of representation; even in the universities, popular pressure on each specific issue is widely thought to be right. Through insisting that the legislator, especially the congressman, is their errand boy and agent, constituents wear down their representatives, waste their time and mental powers, and render them less competent to discuss the more serious issues. Instead of addressing his congressional colleagues, the American legislator is always talking to the public towards whose response he is so sensitive. The feeling of many politicians that they are always in danger of a hostile judgment by their constituents makes politicians jumpy and over-eager to please them.

The electorate's disesteem for its politicians and its distrust of them are accompanied by a suspicious curiosity about what is going on 'on the inside'. This curiosity is exaggerated and exploited by those with a sectional interest in publicity who justify their excesses by the invocation of the public interest. This desire to have everything publicly unmasked creates, incidentally, an uneasy dilemma for many Americans

who want to be able to know everything their rulers and their agents are up to while they want to prevent the Russians from knowing any of these things. Like many dilemmas, it is resolved by going to the extremes of both alternatives simultaneously.

There is one particularly noisy segment of the American public which although usually very small is noteworthy because it is the favoured audience of the worst elements in Congress. This is the nativist lunatic fringe. Obsessed with powerful prejudices, xenophobic, stridently patriotic—the rag-tag and bobtail of American life—they are a small, cranky and quite unorganised body of spinsters, 'lumpen' proletarians, fly-by-night promoters, unsuccessful businessmen, solitaires, and strays, beset by personal misery and thinking only of salvation through politics. They are the most ill-natured and readiest letter-writers to congressmen. They are the pickets frequently before the White House. Actually few congressmen share their views, but some who are out of close contact with their immense constituencies make the mistake of believing that these pathetic madmen represent the normal majority of the electorate. And for those who find it necessary to shout into the far-reaching void, the resonance provided by the lunatic fringes is both welcome and misleading.

Where does all this lead? Even though it is in large measure a product of important democratic virtues, American political talkativeness also gives rise to very obnoxious consequences. Governments and legislators should, of course, be popularly responsible but they must also have self-esteem and self-confidence. These they can hardly have if they are too sensitive to every breeze of public sentiment. They should think of the consequences of their policies further than the election results. They need the opportunity to think calmly, and the glare of publicity is the enemy of thought. The worthiness of the political profession must be maintained in the public mind if democratic government is to be orderly and efficient—the talkativeness of the American politicians lowers the already-too-low respect in which they are held by the public. The harmonious collaboration of politicians and intellectuals is necessary for the good of both, where politicians have such difficult tasks and intellectuals suffer the danger of specialised isolation. The behaviour of a shouting minority of American politicians reinforces the image which the intellectuals have about the majority; the vociferous politicians, perceiving the prejudice, help to deepen it by their irrational abuse of the intellectuals. The collaboration between the executive and legislative is constitutionally awkward in the United States and can be managed only with a fine sense of discrimination by both sides. The replacement of the subtler political skills by oratory impedes this collaboration. There is no doubt that valuable institutions such as congressional investigating committees are badly hurt by legislators who, swept away by the possibilities of publicity, arrogate to themselves the functions of judiciary and executive. They make matters even worse by self-intoxicated intemperateness of expression. The din not only does damage at home, it bewilders friendly, and alienates ambivalent, allies abroad.

A Passing Phase?

Yet it must be said finally that the talkative bark of the American politician is worse than his bite. Despite the general national propensity to talk a lot there are a great many sensible legislators who do their work with matter-of-fact competence. The general policy of the United States is not the policy of Rankin, McCarran, McCarthy, and Wherry. Even their major legislative success—the McCarran Act—despite its large majority was vetoed by the President and was the object of serious doubts, even at the moment of its triumph; meanwhile pressure for its revision mounts. A few changes in the world situation—the full recovery of western Europe, the conclusion of an armistice in Korea—would settle the atmosphere by reducing the need for large appropriations and the attendant oratory and counter-oratory. If, for one reason or another, disclosures of espionage become less frequent, the more reasonable majority would become less compliant towards the McCarrans and the McCarthys and less willing to be impressed by the very small grain of truth in their outpourings. A clear-cut victory for either side in the next election would reduce the irritation and anger caused to both Administration and Opposition by a small and unstable majority. In the course of a longer time, legislators will reconcile themselves to the existence of the Civil Service. Throughout America—in the universities, in the political parties, civic bodies, and even in the journalistic profession—there are many at work seeking to reduce the clamour of American politics. An intimate and sympathetic understanding of American life does provide much evidence for the hope that the present uproar is only a passing phase.—*Third Programme*

Michael Roberts and the Estate of Man

By HERBERT READ

THE recognition of wisdom is often more delayed than the recognition of striking original genius: wisdom is as uncommon as genius, and no more immediately popular'. These words were occasioned by the death of Michael Roberts, the man whose work I am going to discuss; they were written by one of his best friends, T. S. Eliot. Michael Roberts had an aptitude for wisdom, said Mr. Eliot—he used the word 'aptitude' because wisdom is an ideal state towards which we patiently strive, rather than an achieved condition. It is not a popular aptitude. We tend to resent people, who, while we are anxious and agitated, maintain the calm demeanour of a philosopher and quietly tell us how silly or how wrong we are. Michael Roberts may have been stirred to indignation—he would not have written the kind of books he did write unless he had been a man of deep sympathies—but he was patient and calm, even rather uncomfortably ironic, a teacher rather than a prophet, a statesman rather than a politician.

If I now proceed to discuss the work he left behind him rather than the moving presence he was while still with us, it is because the work remains as his best memorial, and has the liveliness that belonged to his personality. He was always in a position—perhaps his true greatness was that he always sought to be in a position—where he could use what Martin Buber has called the method of dialogue: the mutual exchange of understanding. He was a teacher by profession. He had become, in fact, a teacher of teachers, and at the time of his death, three years ago, was Principal of the College of St. Mark and St. John, Chelsea, a training college for teachers. He had been trained as a mathematician and physicist, but I first knew him as a poet, and only gradually discovered the wide range of his knowledge. It was perhaps the combination of his two main interests, poetry and science, that made him essentially a philosopher; for it is as a philosopher that he will be remembered—using that word in its widest and best sense, which is the social sense. He was; that is to say, a philosopher in the same sense as Plato, or Hobbes, or Rousseau—a philosopher whose ideas go into action, as troops on a battlefield. Personally I did not, and still do not, agree with all his ideas; but they do not leave me alone: I have to fight them.

It was characteristic of the man that he should first make his name as the sponsor of a new generation of poets—he was the editor of two anthologies: *New Signatures* published in 1932, and *New Country* in 1933, which made us more aware than we had been of the poet's responsibilities in a revolutionary age. I suspect that not many of the verses in that volume have retained their urgency with the passing of twenty years—they were, after all, the verses of very young and inexperienced writers. But as a protest—a protest against indifference—they had their effect, and poetry once more became a criticism of life.

Roberts' first essay in philosophy was called *The Modern Mind* and was published in 1937. I think it was largely superseded by his later books. More significant is the critical exposition which he devoted to T. E. Hulme, that poet and philosopher of a somewhat similar cast of mind who had been killed in the first world war. There is no doubt that Hulme, who left only a single volume of posthumous writings, has been one of the decisive influences on the intellectual development of our time. Mr. Eliot has more than once acknowledged his debt

to Hulme. It was Hulme who instituted that reform of poetic diction which Ezra Pound perfected, and to which even W. B. Yeats, to a yet unrealised extent, conformed. But Hulme was mainly influential in the realm of ideas. He had a keen scent for the significant, and already before 1914 was on the track of philosophers like Husserl and Scheler who are only now, forty years later, becoming generally known. It was he who first sketched out an aesthetics of modern art in this country, and in the sphere of political thought he introduced the somewhat dangerous ideas of Sorel. Beginning as a pupil of Bergson, Hulme was, at the time of his death, moving towards a critique of all forms of modernism and so-called romanticism, towards a philosophy which demanded the recognition of absolute values, towards a rejection of all relativism, scientific positivism, humanism, and political optimism. Hulme's position might be described as neo-scholasticism, but, like some of the French neo-scholastics, this tendency was not accompanied by any signs of religious conversion: to the end he subjected all emotive manifestations to the analysis of his dry, ironic intellect.

Roberts was drawn to Hulme by natural sympathy, and in the course of his study of the man and his work was, I think, greatly influenced by him: but not subdued by him. Roberts always remained a humanist—a Christian humanist—and if his Christianity was tinged by an unusual sternness or integrity, I think we must describe this quality in Roberts as stoicism, a phase of ancient philosophy to which Christianity is, I understand, doctrinally related. Oddly enough, this philosophical attitude in Roberts was expressed not so explicitly in his books as in his actions—more particularly in that sport in which he so passionately indulged, a sport which is perhaps the most dangerous and irrational of all, mountaineering.

There is in the *Alpine Journal* for May, 1940, an essay which Roberts wrote on 'The Poetry and Humour of Mountaineering', which is really a better clue to his philosophy than any of his more formal works. He concludes that essay by asking, and answering, the question that occurs to anyone who considers the subject: what right has anyone to risk his life, and perhaps the lives of his companions, in such a dangerous sport? Roberts admits: 'It is plainly inadequate to talk of the view, the exhilaration of physical effort, the satisfaction of escaping for a time from all the problems and annoyances of daily life'. Golf or motor-racing will provide that kind of release and excitement without any comparable risk, and without any of the poetry. In the end Roberts has to admit that mountaineering can be justified only if we accept the sheer uselessness of the sacrifice it involves—incidentally, in my view, the only justification for war. 'Man', he says, 'can preserve his dignity only by showing that he is not afraid of anything, not even death'. Mountaineering is a demonstration that 'man is not wholly tied to grubbing for his food, not wholly tied by family and social loyalties; that there are states of mind and spirit which he values more highly than life itself on a lower level'.

The Stoic is more passive than this: he climbs his mountains when he meets them, though he expects his life to be a mountain, full of risks, entailing death. But the Stoic virtue lay in the calm acceptance of these risks, and perhaps required the belief that they are part of a divine necessity. Roberts—and this is probably where a Christian goes



Michael Roberts on holiday in the Alps in 1935

beyond a Stoic—accepted the risks without a belief in their necessity. 'A thing is good not for any purpose or end, but just because; and sacrifices are good because they show superiority to all mere utilitarian values: they show an excess and overflow which is really a gesture of confidence and vitality'. Necessity be damned: it is the vision, the sense of intrinsic value, that really matters.

When, at the beginning of the last war, in 1940, Roberts wrote his most important book, *The Recovery of the West*, this confident spirit was uppermost in his mind. He wrote that book to give people courage in a darkening world. He recognised the difficulties that faced the world, both immediately and in the long view, but he saw reasons for optimism, and believed that with sufficient courage we could resist the currents of disaster and degeneracy. But not by legislation and planning. We have asked too much of politics, he felt, and our disillusion is the direct result of trusting to the wrong implements. We have gone to sea in a sieve, and we have not prevented it from sinking by painting the word *Democracy* on its bows. Nor can we make any difference by substituting the word *Science*. We must recover the sense of value, the conviction that some activities are good and some things beautiful, others bad or ugly, and our social life must be re-ordered in the light of this conviction.

The Problem of Survival

Such a conviction, Roberts thought, is fundamentally religious. He went further: he felt it was essentially Christian. I think this specifically Christian trend in his thinking arose from his sense of the reality of evil, and his conviction that the Christian doctrine was uniquely capable of modifying this unwelcome fact. I myself am a little doubtful of his logic at this point: it seems to me to be too late in the day to rely on the morning light. Our darkness will be lightened, if at all, by a new Apocalypse; and meanwhile, in Simon Weil's sense of the phrase, we must wait on God. Am I wrong, I wonder, in suspecting that in his last uncompleted book, *The Estate of Man**, Michael Roberts is much less confident that national vitality will be renewed by a recognition of Christian truth? It is a sombre book, piling up statistics to show that but for some miraculous turn of events, our civilisation is doomed. The cardinal fact which emerges from his survey of the economic and ecological condition of the world is that we cannot escape a gradual but finally swiftly accelerating reduction in the standard of living, accompanied by a bloody and lustful scramble for the last crumbs. 'There is no new land to plough', he points out, 'and the land already ploughed can scarcely feed the present population of the world'. That population increases at the rate of 20,000,000 a year. In Asia alone the increase in the next ten years will be as great as the whole present population of the United States.

Roberts realised and said that 'If new measures are not taken to check the growth of population, the old ones will reinstate themselves, and the primitive forces that reinstate themselves will work through hunger, frenzy, bitterness, and hatred of one's fellow men . . .'. The obvious new measure—though in certain countries and among certain classes it is an old measure—is birth control, but birth control is most easily or most willingly practised by the most intelligent social groups. But what moral right have we to impose birth control on selected individuals or selected classes; and how, short of forcible sterilisation, are we to impose it? There are no 'reasons for optimism' listed in this new book; on the contrary, there is a new reason for pessimism in the two brilliant chapters in which Roberts investigates what he calls 'the reservoir of talent', showing how the increasing industrialisation and bureaucratisation of the world is leading to a relative decrease in intelligence, to a depletion in the ranks of those occupations where intelligence is most needed if we are to survive—the teaching and other professional services.

Michael Roberts, as I have said, did not finish this book, and apart from a stray note or two, we are left guessing as to how he would have finished it. With stoicism, yes: the mountaineer is still present: the hills and seas are still 'primitive and obdurate'. We can come to terms with them; we cannot conquer them. In the end, the mountaineer learns, as Roberts recognised, to accept their moods, to judge the possibilities, and to work within a harmony beyond our power to control. That is the stoic spirit, and it could lead to the restoration of that 'sense of unity with nature which is lacking in the day-to-day conditions of city life'—lacking universally in our industrialised world. One of the final notes reads: 'Man has been at war with nature and therefore at war with one another. Harmony with nature, then harmony with our neighbours. War springs from disequilibrium. We are being forced back to a harmonious relation with the soil, and that relation will solve

our spiritual as well as our material problems. What ought we to do?'

Each of us must answer that question, and answer it practically. It is very difficult, perhaps impossible, voluntarily to reverse the processes of industrialisation and power economics. But one day, not very distant, the oil wells will be dry; our forests will have been consumed and our mines will be exhausted. To trust in the inventive resources of mankind is a dangerous illusion; they are more likely to lead to further weapons of universal destruction than to a harmony with nature. In the end we must return to the land, to the estate of man. We must love it and cultivate it as the only source of life. Ten million square miles is all it amounts to, or can amount to. How many millions of people that land can support is calculable. Michael Roberts believed that a gradual return to harmony with the earth, as farmers, not miners, will gradually re-establish an equilibrium between population and resources. There will be sacrifices, but they will be to Demeter and not to Moloch.

The final factors are not economic, but vital. They are controlled by impulses whose movements we cannot measure, or even detect. We close-shave our cornfields with combine-harvesters and the corncrakes mysteriously disappear. They would mysteriously return with the scythes, or the horse-drawn reaper. This is a picturesque illustration of a process that has been going on now for many years: the machine has upset the equilibrium of nature, and our first action should be to put the machine into reverse.

We now accept the machine without question, and cannot easily imagine a future that does not depend on an increasing use of the machine. Nevertheless, in the long run the machine is anti-vital, and will, if unchecked, destroy the life of the world. Living things depend on the cultivation of organic growths, and on a limited store of natural resources. They consume certain products of the earth, but what they consume they return to the earth in the form of essential manures. Machines also consume natural resources, but render back only smoke, gases, cinders—dead and even harmful by-products of their power. It is logically and statistically certain that such a process must, sooner or later, end in the exhaustion of the earth's resources, and part of Roberts' purpose is to show that it will be sooner rather than later.

Case for a New Husbandry

If we are to avoid ultimate doom, we must, as Michael Roberts says, learn a new husbandry. We must acquire the mentality of farmers and gardeners and discard the mentality of miners and excavators. We must stop burning and blasting, and resolve to conserve and cultivate. Vast schemes of reforestation and reclamation must be undertaken, and the energy and cunning, the brain-power and man-power, now devoted to the sciences of exploitation, must be diverted to the sciences of growth and creation. A distinction must be made between the sciences that promote and preserve life, and the sciences that merely generate power—the general distinction between the biological and mechanical sciences. Degrees of interdependence will be discovered, and a point of equilibrium may be reached where the life-promoting sciences require a measure of support from the power-generating sciences.

To secure such a development, a mental and social revolution is required that will eventually exalt the biologist above the atomic-physicist, the forester above the engineer, the schoolmaster above the air-pilot, the farm-labourer above the coal-miner. But it is not merely a question of revising emoluments and restoring prestige: we must renounce our deep-seated worship of power—the worship of power for power's sake. We must recognise, before it is too late, our unconscious surrender to the forces of death, our equally unconscious rejection of the forces of life.

Such was the message of Michael Roberts. The tone, you may think, is too prophetic for a scientific age. The fault may lie in my interpretation, for, let me emphasise once more, Roberts was a scientist and a realist. His prophecies are logical deductions from official statistics, checked by *The Economist* Intelligence Unit. Maybe there are critics who will find some flaw in his reasoning. I find none. I find rather the wisdom of a man who added to the faculties of a scientist the vision of a poet, and as a consequence saw a little farther than other men. I ought to add, for the sake of completeness, that this vision was not an arbitrary one. Michael Roberts believed, and this may have remained his fundamental belief, that 'a religious conviction of the reality of right and wrong is the only practical alternative to the deification of the State'. But even here the word 'practical' is inserted, to show that in his view those who accept the religious alternative at the same time accept a social responsibility still more exacting in its pursuit of liberty and justice.—*Third Programme*

* Recently published by Faber at 15s.

The Sea and the Savage

P. H. NEWBY on Fenimore Cooper, the centenary of whose death occurred last week

WE all know that Fenimore Cooper wrote stories about Red Indians but we seem to have forgotten that he wrote novels about the sea; that he was, in fact, the first of the romantic sea novelists; he was a forerunner of Melville and Conrad. He was a sailor for nearly four years, first of all on a merchant vessel and later as a midshipman in the United States navy. It comes as something of a surprise to learn that it was of sailors and the sea that Cooper had first-hand knowledge, and not of his more familiar subject, the Indians and the forest. 'I was never among the Indians', he once said, 'and all I know of them is gained from hearing my father talk and from the reading of books'.

But his knowledge of the Indians was as wide and accurate as the state of scholarship at that time permitted; he knew far more about them than did the majority of his readers. And that is a fact which had a great bearing on the kind of novels he wrote. Whether he was writing about the sea or writing about the Indians he was an expert. By the very nature of his material he was forced into a position of superiority over his readers. This was nothing new in the novel—it is equally true of his master, Scott, it is even true of Maria Edgeworth in her Irish tales—but no other writer made use of his lore, his knowledge, in quite the same way.

Ostensibly, Cooper is a writer of adventure stories. Usually they are stories of pursuit, and although this is why they became so tremendously popular, their secret power, I suggest, is that they revealed reason and lore as the two weapons with which man can confront romantic terror—romantic terror symbolised by the storm at sea and by the savage lurking in his forest.

The storm at sea: there is a good example of this in *The Pilot*. This novel, the parent of the modern sea novel, was written out of that curious streak of contrariety in Cooper's character, that bold assertiveness which was later to make him the most hated man in American literary history. The year was 1822 and Scott's novel *The Pirate* had just been published. The vessel bringing the latest Waverley novel was as eagerly awaited in Boston and New York as the Edinburgh coach was awaited in London; and in America, as in England, no sooner was the book read than it became the subject of general conversation. 'Well, whoever wrote that', somebody said—for people were still not quite sure of the author's identity—'whoever wrote that must have been a sailor'. This Cooper denied, and the denial was enough to set him writing a *real* sailor's novel—defying, a little uneasily perhaps, the popular view that no one would be interested in a sea novel because nothing of interest took place on the sea, only storms and shipwrecks.

The most exciting passage in *The Pilot* (and it really is exciting) is an account of the way a frigate is worked out of a rocky bay while an on-shore gale is blowing. A mysterious pilot has come on board. He announces that much of his early life had been passed on this coast. He says further (and this is an unmistakable mark of the Fenimore Cooper hero): 'What to you is all darkness and gloom to me is as light as if noon-day shone upon it'. He knows just where there is a channel through the rocks. The sea and the sky speak in a language he understands; and the implication is, of course, that it is a language neither you nor I can understand. As Fenimore Cooper drew him,

the sailor is a sort of magician and we landlubbers cannot even understand the words of his incantation. 'Clew up everything but your three topsails', says the pilot, 'and let them be double-furled'. An order is given to stand by the braces. A quarter-master goes into the chains to try the water. To most of us the words are meaningless, but there is never any doubt that they are words of power. The pilot 'applied the trumpet to his mouth. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be a master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon swirling round on her heel in a retrograde movement'. And eventually she wins clear of the rocks.

The magic of that situation is pretty well the same as the magic of the Indian novels. Instead of the skilled sailor we have the skilled scout; instead of the menacing storm we have the menacing Indian—and if the comparison sounds far-fetched it is worth remembering that Cooper said the Indian character had little variety; that it was one of his objects not to dwell upon it too much. In other words, the hostile Indian was an implacable force, not a human being at all, as the pre-romantic novelists understood human beings. And just as the sailor shortens sail in the face of his adversary, so the scout lays a false trail or adopts a disguise in order to baffle the Indians.

I have called this magic with some deliberation. The hero of some *Arabian Nights* story has to remember passwords and secret signs in order to win the treasure; in the same way the romantic hero of Fenimore Cooper has to remember his lore to preserve his life. There is a magic ritual. And if we want to see the ritual at work we have only to open any

of the marvellous Leatherstocking tales and read for a paragraph or so.

In the first few pages of *The Pathfinder* a column of smoke is observed. It is important, for our preservation, to notice the colour of the smoke, to see that it is dark, to know that such smoke could be produced only by damp wood, to know that it is not an Indian fire because no Indian would use damp wood. Yet again, the only way to avoid leaving a trail is to walk along a stream. A tiny Latin cross cut in the bowl of a pipe means that its owner was a hostile Canadian Indian, 'parvarted', as the scout Nathaniel Bumppo says, 'parvarted by the cunning of the priests of the Canadas'. A leaf crinkling in the sun, when all other leaves are full and green, means that an enemy is in hiding. And so on. In Cooper's natural descriptions nothing is irrelevant because everywhere there is the possibility of a clue. Edgar Allan Poe—Cooper's younger contemporary—surely noticed this; and Poe, we are told, invented the detective story. There is, surely, an unmistakable line running from Nathaniel Bumppo to Sherlock Holmes. It was no less a person than Balzac who pointed out the special excellence of Cooper's natural description. To mention Balzac is to see from another angle how, in Cooper's hands, the forest became something more than the background to adventure; it became a romantic symbol which the European writer—and not Balzac alone—eagerly took over. It was Balzac's Vautrin who said that the city of Paris itself was a forest where savage tribes struggled for existence. Incidentally, it is when we turn from the novels of Fenimore Cooper to those of Balzac that we can see all the more clearly where so much of Balzac's power lay. He had an unparalleled power for presenting information about



James Fenimore Cooper: 1789-1851

society; he had a *special* knowledge of manners and morals, a *special* knowledge of commerce and money, a *special* knowledge of love. He, like Cooper, occupied a position of superiority over his readers because of the nature of his material.

Cooper's material is so colourful that it may sound odd to suggest there was any difficulty in presenting it to his readers. But, in fact, the sea novels and forest novels alike are illustrations of the peculiar problems facing any writer who deals with a world different from the world in which his readers live. There is a story by Henry James in which a young writer is congratulated on his first novel. 'But it is a novel set in a strange part of the world', he is told in effect, 'it is set among strange people. Do please, in your next book, write about life here in England. Give us something we can measure'.

Paradox of the Romantic Novel

In the typical romantic novel there is a conflict going on all the time between truth to subject and a necessity for that certain something in the writing that will permit us to measure the subject. The problem is still with us. It is easier to 'get away' with a novel about, say, Africa than it is to write a satisfactory novel about the country we live in. I imagine that the moment when the problem first became real to the novelist was soon after the death of Smollett, when it became obvious that society was becoming more and more complicated and the reading public turned to books not so much for literature but as one means of satisfying their curiosity about the world they lived in. Some time later Sydney Smith said that the chief merit of novels, so far as he was concerned, was that they described people and countries of which he could never have any first-hand knowledge. If that was the public demand it is easy to see that the canny writer had to strike an effective compromise between what he knew to be true and what his readers would believe to be true.

In Fenimore Cooper, as in Scott, this conflict is responsible for one of the most engaging features of the writing—a self-conscious story-telling quality, in the good old eighteenth-century manner, mixed up with the suggestion that it is not a story at all we are reading, but a factual account of other people's customs and habits. A writer like Defoe would have found the mixture incomprehensible; Defoe's aim was to *deceive* his readers by presenting fiction as fact. The early nineteenth-century romantic novelist was too much of a gentleman to deceive. Time and again he calls us 'dear reader' or 'patient reader' and reminds us in as many words, that what we have in our hands is a piece of fiction; but no sooner does anything remarkable happen than, in a learned footnote, he refers us to Dr. So-and-so's treatise on the subject and reassures us that our interest is not being led on by idle invention. Maria Edgeworth had the habit of dropping an asterisk into the text and the single word 'Fact' at the bottom of the page.

Fenimore Cooper's sense of difficulty in putting his material over was all the greater because it was American material. There were times when he distrusted it himself.

Cooper's Triumph as a Writer

It has been said that in his career and in his writing Cooper faced all the basic problems encountered by all American writers; and it is certainly true that what he wrote, half-humorously, in the preface to *The Spy* (the first American novel of any consequence) was later repeated by Hawthorne and Melville. Cooper's words were these: in America

there is a scarcity of events . . . that drives an author from the undertaking in despair. In the *dark ages* of our history, it is true that we hung a few unfortunate women for witches and suffered some inroads from the Indians; but the active curiosity of the people has transmitted these events with so much accuracy that there is no opportunity for digression. Then, again, notwithstanding that at all times a murder is a serious business, it is much more interesting in a castle than in a cornfield. In short, all that glow which can be given to a tale through obscure legends, artificial distinctions, and images connected with association of ideas, is not attainable in this land of facts. Man is not the same creature here as in other countries.

At first sight this may seem little more than the naive assumption that the only novels it was possible to write were in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. It was that and something more.

It was Cooper's triumph that he did in fact build his castle in the American cornfield. To do it he idealised his characters, he cashed in on the popular readiness to believe in the existence of a Noble Savage,

and he was a self-conscious painter of the beauties of American scenery. But I believe his success was mainly due to the way romantic terror was exorcised by a display of lore on the part of his hero; and it was due, in part, to the fact that Cooper was such a moralist. Nothing reveals more clearly than his moralising his intention to be an intermediary between his savage material and his civilised reader. When one of his noble savages slips away through the bushes to mutilate a corpse it is significant that Cooper, through the mouth of Nathaniel Bumppo, treats us to a little sermon on the diversity of God's creation. Cooper resolved part of the romantic writer's conflict—the conflict between reality and what is possible to be believed or accepted—by an insistence on one of the characteristic strands in eighteenth-century philosophical thinking. We are invited on *philosophical* grounds to accept the peculiarities of the savage. Bumppo is frequently made to reflect on the splendour of the world he inhabits, the diversity of nature, and the great variety of what he calls 'gifts' in the human race.

'There is one human nature', he says, 'but many gifts'. And when he is asked in what way a gift is different from a nature, he replies, 'A natur' is the creature itself, its wishes, wants, ideas, and feelin's, as all are born in him . . . Now gifts come of sarcumstances. Thus, if you put a man in a town he gets town gifts; in a settlement, settlement gifts; in a forest, gifts of the woods . . . Herein lies the apology for gifts'.

Bumppo himself is a knight without fear and beyond reproach. Although he lives with Indians he remains self-consciously a white man; himself, he never does any scalping, even though everyone would have thought the better of him for a few Huron scalps at his waistband. It is not his 'gift'. At the same time he does not condemn scalping, provided it is done by an Indian. That is only right and proper. What dismayed Bumppo was when white men went scalping. The effect of Bumppo's presence in these tales of savagery is to induce in the polite-minded reader a kind of imaginative tolerance for people he takes to be utterly different from himself. Bumppo is much more than this, of course; his adventures have the dignity of legend. His undeniable grandeur springs from his profound sense of partnership between man and nature. He cannot bear the thought of conflict between man and nature, and when the sound of the axe is heard in the forest he moves away to the virgin prairies. Here, in serene old age, his hunting dog dead at his feet, his rifle on his knee, he himself dies facing the west.

Distrust of Civilisation

I have said that Cooper was the most hated man in American literary history, and I have also said that in his work and career can be seen all the marks of the typical American novelist. The fact that he was hated was, in a way, the result of his being so American. It was as a writer about the sea and the forest that he became famous; but fame, because he was American, was not enough. The perennial subject of the English novel is class; the American novelist on the other hand (the poet too, for that matter) writes about society, and from Fenimore Cooper to Robert Penn Warren and Norman Mailer he is hostile. It is a loving and jealous hostility. He is impatient for perfection and Fenimore Cooper lived at a time when perfection seemed possible. His feelings were, as a result, all the stronger.

Hawthorne and Henry James followed him in saying that America was not a good country for a writer to live in, it supplied him with such poor material; but, unlike them, Cooper was concerned more for his country than for literature. When he wrote, 'Man is not the same creature here as he is in other countries', he was saying what Tocqueville was to say a few years later and in much the same spirit. In novels like *Home as Found*, he expressed his ideas with a tactlessness present-day Americans must find almost engaging. In his own day they threatened to burn his books. It is easier for us, a hundred years after his death, to see that it was not so much American civilisation that Cooper distrusted, it was civilisation under whatever flag. And that, too, is a mark of the American writer. He sees himself as the romantic hero, the wanderer, as Nathaniel Bumppo, as Ishmael.—*Third Programme*

There is to be a course of lectures on the B.B.C. at Morley College this autumn. The speakers will include C. J. Pennethorne Hughes, Val Gielgud, Herbert Murrill, Laurence Gilliam, Ronald Waldman, John Green, Harman Grisewood, Cecil McGivern and Mabel Constanduros. The first lecture will take place on October 2, and the fee for the course of eleven lectures is 11s. Details can be obtained from the Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road S.E.1.

The Making of the 'Aeneid'

By W. F. JACKSON KNIGHT

IN his talk on 'Vergil and the Christian World', Mr. T. S. Eliot said that a speaker or writer who is poetically inspired must be uttering something which he himself does not wholly understand. He added that scholars and historians can be concerned only with what Vergil thought that he was doing when he wrote his poetry, and that inspiration is something which must escape historical research. Mr. Eliot was talking about the fourth *Eclogue* when he spoke of inspiration. But the question of the *Aeneid* is not so very different. For my part, even granting that what Mr. Eliot said is exactly true, I suspect that we shall not be able to leave out all argument about inspiration if we enquire how Vergil came to compose his epic—a poem whose central figure, a man with a mission, appears as the first ideal of a Christian hero, marked by his regular description as 'Aeneas the True'. That is the meaning of *pius Aeneas*. Aeneas had his weaknesses, like the rest of us. But he was loyal in feeling and in will to all that claimed his loyalty. At the end, he had not been untrue to his mission.

What is Inspiration?

Inspiration may not be the concern of scholars or historians, as such. But something is known about it, and more than a little of that is due to what Mr. Eliot himself has told us from time to time. Perhaps the first thing to note is that many artists have seemed to themselves not so much to create as to discover, ready made inside their minds, something which they are not conscious of having caused. There are certainly writers who have, at least sometimes, written almost automatically, without thinking. To be inspired is much the same as to have something to say for which you are not responsible.

What is 'responsible'? That question must wait. It is more urgent to remember that inspiration can be induced or assisted by training and suggestion. To take an extreme case, the Siberian shamans, who appear to suffer a dissociation of the personality, know and can do, when they are in trance, what in normal states is beyond them. They are helped by training and by the rhythm of their dances. Fasting, lonely silence, and drink are other well-known methods. Poetic inspiration is not really outside the tradition which has descended from the distant past, long before the invention of writing. But the kind of inspiration which is important to us now has something to do with written words. Livingstone Lowes proved from Coleridge's notebooks that Coleridge created poetry in his unconscious mind out of words and thoughts, which he remembered from his extensive reading, and recombined to form poetry of his own, quite different from his original sources, but clearly reminiscent of them. E. K. Rand suggested, and others have since proved, that Vergil worked in a similar way. According to Petronius, only a great flood of reading will set the wheels of the imagination turning. Vergil clearly thought so, before Petronius did. He relied on extensive reading to help his imagination.

He also relied on something else, partly different. The rhythm of a wild dance removes the shaman from the everyday world to a wider world, of special knowledge and power, either inside or outside his own mind. Rhythm still works that way; it has, for example, helped mathematicians to make discoveries. It certainly so helped Vergil. The rhythm of poetry, his own or someone else's, induced the mood of inspiration. That is the main use of rhythm in poetry.

With this help from rhythm, the pleasure of rhythm, and sometimes just any pleasure in beautiful sound or sight, inspiration appears to release a great wealth of imagery. That is what poets derive from the extensive reading which Coleridge, Petronius, and Vergil knew to be necessary. In line with their experience is the system of Dr. C. G. Jung, who says that 'a visionary poet' requires a great volume of mythological material in order to express what is described, in a notable phrase, as 'the weird paradoxicality of his vision'. This gets us a little nearer to the question I left aside earlier, about what is responsible for inspired poetry if the poet is not. Dr. Jung's view may not be the whole truth, but it is of great practical value in discussion. He says that what a visionary poet sees in his vision is the Collective

Unconscious. That is like saying that a great poet, when inspired, can see, or feel, some record of all human experience, which we all carry in some dark place of our minds, but cannot observe and express unless we are great poets, under inspiration. We are no nearer to knowing what inspiration really is; but perhaps we have now a working hypothesis for trying to understand how the *Aeneid* was made.

The fourth *Eclogue* may have meant much more than Vergil intended to the early Christians, and indeed, as Mr. Harold Mattingly proved, to pagans, who applied it to several imperial Roman personalities. This wide applicability is characteristic of Vergilian poetry; it looks like the result of inspiration assisted by extensive reading, well used. Vergil might even be said to have planned, both in great things and in small, in the story of many books and in phrases of two words, for just this wide applicability. Scholars disagree about the intended subject of the fourth *Eclogue*, as indeed they disagree about countless other allusions in Vergil, and about the meaning of single lines in his poetry, of which perhaps only a small proportion are beyond dispute. When several meanings all seem possible, all or many of them may be legitimate. However many meanings are found, there may still be more to find. As Shelley said of all great poetry, 'Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed'. The intention of a poet is notoriously 'pretty well the last question which should be asked', and the great wealth of Vergilian meanings can hardly be traced to Vergil's individual mind. Yet this very ambiguity is essential in Vergil's art, and he may well have seen that it gave inspiration a chance to come. He achieved the ambiguity by using and compressing a great deal of material. The fourth *Eclogue* is a good example. The *Aeneid* is like it, on a larger scale.

Vergil's first poetry was in line with the 'neoteric' or 'modernistic' poetry cultivated during the first century B.C. by many Romans with great enthusiasm. This poetry was based on recent, or fairly recent, Greek poetry, and not on earlier Latin poetry or on earlier Greek poetry. Much was translation or paraphrase. As usual, translation slipped into original creation. Such, paradoxically, is the start of many literatures. The object was to compose highly finished Latin poems in Greek metres, small in scale and with neatly balanced phraseology. The French Parnassian movement is, perhaps, to some extent parallel to the Latin 'neoteric' movement. The Latin poems had to be enjoyable. They did not have to be instructive, or say anything very new or useful. An important Greek, who was then in Italy and who influenced Vergil, said that poems were not supposed to be useful, and that, if they were useful, they were useful for some other reason and not because they were poems. The situation during the neoteric period was not of course so simple as this account suggests. There were long, instructive, and passionate poems. But, on the whole, the Romans of the time were liking manner rather than matter, miniatures rather than full-scale art.

Musical Poetry

Vergil himself may have begun by translating from Greek poetry. The *Eclogues*, his first certainly authentic work, are full of phrases which look like translations, from Theocritus especially, but also from earlier poets, even including Archilochus. There are also phrases from Latin poets, such as Vergil's older contemporary Catullus. But already the great characteristics of Vergilian art are everywhere appearing. The poetry is extremely musical, and it is expressively musical, for sound helps sense. It is also both reminiscent and economical. Vergil, like Coleridge, regularly combined in a single line phraseology from two or more passages of earlier poetry. He needed literary sources, to actuate his imagination, and to be its instruments. It is practically true to say that he never adopted unchanged anyone's version of anything. By blending together, with subtle alterations, words, sounds, and rhythms remembered from different, earlier contexts, he formed new units to express his own thoughts. That is not the whole truth. The thoughts themselves often seem to have grown out of the sounds, by the subtle causation of associated images and sound-values. Vergil, above all, had an imagination of the ear. When he decided on some

blended phrase, that phrase would often recur again and again in variations during his poetic life-work. It is often possible, as Mr. R. W. Cruttwell and others have shown, to explain the meaning of some obscure phrase in Vergil by tracing its history in his mind.

Vergil habitually sought compression and condensation of much meaning in few words. That helped inspiration, but it involved ambiguity. It also involved a certain violence towards language. For all Vergil's great reputation as an authority on grammar, it is grammar, syntax, and the logic of formal language which are inclined to suffer through his method. His contemporaries are more conventionally correct and exact. Vergil makes words and constructions mean all that they can mean. Most often his flow of language is smooth, and his primary meaning clear. When he does pass the borderline of formal clarity, it is a small price to pay. Frequently we may blame ourselves. It is the task of a lifetime to learn how to read Vergil understandingly.

Vision of the Collective Unconscious

When Vergil started the *Aeneid*, his art was ready. The human mind and perceptions are limitative. They seem designed to exclude reality quite as much as to admit it. But there are ways of getting to more reality than usual, and one of the ways is the poetic use of words. Vergil, beginning with verbal patterns and personal interests, went on, under inspiration, to what Dr. Jung would call a vision of the Collective Unconscious. If so, he was on the way to becoming, in the Platonic phrase, a spectator of all time and all existence. No doubt certain qualifications are necessary whatever terminology is used. But certainly the *Aeneid* goes beyond personal ends, and even beyond 'the exultation and the despair of a generation', in Mr. Eliot's fine words. It provides a kind of summary or epitome of Roman and, indeed, pre-Roman civilisation. It is also about all civilisation; and about man and God.

To write the *Aeneid* was not an obvious idea. Long poems were generally derided in Vergil's younger days; it was very unfashionable to think of going back to Ennius, and writing chronicles. Still, even in one of the *Eclogues* Vergil mentions that he had started 'to sing of warring kings', but that Apollo had discouraged him. Times were beginning to change; the career of Julius Caesar seems to have reawakened interest in heroic narrative; but the idea was still bold. In the *Georgics* Vergil mentions his wish to write a great poem with Augustus Caesar in the centre. It was believed in antiquity that he first planned a long poem about ancient kings who reigned in Italy before Rome was founded, but that he gave up the intention because the material was uncongenial, and the names unpoetically harsh. That is interesting; it looks as if Vergil instinctively knew that there ought to be a thrill of pleasure on any way leading to inspiration. It was also believed in antiquity that Vergil did in fact mean, or even try, to write a long poem on the achievements of Augustus, which would have corresponded with the wish poetically expressed in the *Georgics*. If so, he gave that idea up, too, apparently because he realised that a myth can be more expressive than a chronicle of events.

He decided to take as his theme the old story of Aeneas who escaped from Troy, sailed to Italy, and there started the Latin race and, in particular, the family of the Caesars. In a way, that was a combination of two aspirations which he had already mentioned in the *Eclogues*. There he wanted to celebrate his patron, Augustus, and to sing of warring kings. He could now do both, without offending Apollo. But some ancient scholars thought that the result celebrated not so much Augustus as the Roman nation, for it reflects obliquely so much Roman history. And Augustus, as Professor W. S. Maguinness has just reminded us, might not have been wholly pleased with the reflection of himself in it.

Vergil set to work in his characteristic way, but the scale was far greater than before. He collected, sorted, and re-combined a great volume of material, reading everything, wasting nothing, packing with thought and significance both his phrases and his story and the parts of his story, and letting the delight of auditory, visual, and rhythmic imagination help inspiration to come. One line may contain memories of poetry written in six different centuries. One small incident may allude to many various stories in epic, drama, and history. The preparation was conscious, willed, and disciplined. So was the revision, or much of it. In between came the creation. That was often, or perhaps most often, unconscious, spontaneous, and inspired. The internal evidence, and the ancient external evidence describing Vergil at work, leave little doubt of it.

The result was a certain kind of truth; not, as Whitehead would

say, the trivial truth of fact, but the truth of art, with which the trivial sort of truth would interfere. This truth in the *Aeneid* is most obviously a poetic kind of truth about the past, reached by careful and inspired selection and condensation of memories to form a new and comprehensive myth. The selection and condensation of memories is, of course, always going on. Ordinary people do it; they had been doing it for thousands of years before Vergil. So had the poets. But they do it with particular power and effect. Already the old Babylonian *Epic of Gilgamesh* expressed forces at work in civilised society in something like a Vergilian spirit. Even there, there is an explicit contrast between city life with its tensions and a life, real or imaginary, lived in the country, according to nature; and even there, there is a hero's pilgrimage towards revelation.

Alexander Pope said that Vergil at first sought to follow nature directly, but decided to follow Homer instead, since he found that Homer and nature were the same. There is profound truth in that. To put it shortly, the accurate selections and condensations of earlier poets help a succeeding poet to reach the truth by his own selection and condensation. Direct appeal to 'nature' would be misleading and impoverishing. Most often, it would be an appeal not to nature but to some momentary and too individual view of nature.

The Homer whom Vergil found to be the same as nature can now be legitimately taken to stand for a single, long poetic tradition, to which Homer belonged, and Vergil himself belongs now—a tradition extending back to the beginnings of eastern civilisation. That they do both belong to it is becoming clear through the researches of the great French savant, Charles Autran. Vergil owes much of his power to his ability to reach back in time. Long ago Sir John Myres, with characteristic insight, remarked that Vergil usually chose an older version of a myth or legend than the other poets. This insight is now being emphatically confirmed. Vergil often reaches behind Homer, and reconstructs, as it had been before, something which in Homer is already half-forgotten and distorted. When that kind of thing happens, it is often startling. It looks much more like inspiration than logical inference, drawn from extant sources. Vergil had an intuition, or a power of vision, to see into the true meaning of tradition. Perhaps the clearest obvious example is his choice of the story of Aeneas. The historical versions of it gradually developed, and were never very like the facts as we can, with some assurance, reconstruct them. Vergil's poetic version is even less like them. But it is yet full of poetic truth about history, and especially concerning the eastern origins of Roman and European civilisations now beginning to emerge into light.

Following the Rules of Rhetoric

One of the great revolutions of history or prehistory was the first foundation of cities. The purpose of Aeneas was to found a city; and Vergil stresses the ancient religion of foundation. Another momentous occurrence was the introduction into the old civilised eastern world of horse-warfare, with chariots. That is in part the warfare of Aeneas, but not entirely, for the later tactical uses of cavalry and mounted infantry are also included. Another great event had been the infusion from the north of a new kind of analytical thought and speech, with balance of argument, for and against. It first appears with the Hittites and is characteristic of the Greeks. So Vergil carefully constructs many of the speeches in his poem according to the rules of rhetoric. An important change in human society occurred among certain peoples when 'mother-right' gave way to patrilinear, patriarchal, and monogamous institutions. Such changes, with their limitations of sexual freedom, have been shown by J. D. Unwin regularly to precede progress in energy, intelligence, and even religion. On this question Vergil is eloquent and subtly emphatic. Juno, the Divine Queen, opposes Aeneas, but Jupiter and Fate work together for him. The right of the father prevails, as in Aeschylus, with all honour for the mother—the Romans owed much of their success to their respect and love for their mothers—but supremacy for the father. Aeschylus, however, has no Dido. Vergil's Dido has to suffer because emotions were not controlled. For the sake of duty, and in the cause of civilisation, love may not be free.

In Vergil, as in Lucretius, Venus—or love—is the mother of the line of Aeneas. She wins over Jupiter to favour him. But it is Jupiter rather than Venus who 'moves the sun and the other stars'. Vergil does not say 'God is love'. However, in his subtle way, he does exalt love. It is clear from internal evidence in the *Aeneid* that Vergil at first gave more importance to Apollo but then transferred some of that importance to Venus. He believed in her rightful power. When Venus arranges with Vulcan to make divine arms for Aeneas, Vergil compares

Vulcan's alacrity, an alacrity in obedience to love, with the loving will-power of a poor mother in a cottage who works all night to keep the home together. The simile itself comes from Homer, but it is not there used like this. There is surely nothing greater in all poetry.

Aeneas, the son of Venus, the result of love, is a pilgrim; perhaps, on one side of his reticent, elusive character, the first known ideal of a Christian hero. As Vergil carried forward the ideal of love, so he carried forward the ideal of heroism. Some Greeks had regarded Hercules as a self-sacrificing saviour, and some earlier Romans had taken him and not Aeneas as their heroic patron. Vergil—blending, as usual, inherited thoughts—reached conceptions more fine and more true. Aeneas is not a superhuman Hercules. He is more like Everyman. His story, as scholars of different ages have variously observed, is the story of each one of us, and the story of humanity as well. The *Aeneid* is not random fancy. It is austere true to life, as it is, and will be, lived.

Vergil found access to something permanent, and therefore his poem offers guidance towards right judgments, even in complex conditions. That is at least partly because he took into account, and correctly appraised, a great deal of evidence, perhaps more than any other artist. By hard discipline, sensitive taste and feeling, and some still mysterious inspiration, he found a way to the deeper reality. Whether he achieved the true mystic kind of vision is a question. Perhaps that kind of vision is not really for poets. But the question cannot be left entirely aside. Some poets, for example Dante and St. John of the Cross, were, or became, mystics. Perhaps Sextus Propertius, Vergil's contemporary, was going that way.

The Italian scholar Dr. Luigi Alfonsi has explained that the Romans understood and used mythology better than the Greeks. To the Romans it was a life-giving force of continuity. They had not a rich mythology of their own. But they loved their legendary past, with its, on the whole, very accurate memories of a moral grandeur hard to parallel elsewhere; and they sought to let it sustain the present and guide the future. Myth or love for the past unites the generations. It also helps an individual to reach beyond personal individuality. Propertius used it so. He, as Dr. Alfonsi has shown, began with intense personal passion, and then, when love disappointed him, found consolation in the glory of the Roman past and in present Roman achievement. Then came the third stage: his poetic thought led him beyond this world, and he began to have some intuition of the life to come. *Sunt aliquid manes*. Death does not close all.

Vergil surely followed a way not very different. He began with love and hero-worship of patrons, especially Augustus and Maecenas. He soon left behind the merely personal and lyrical kind of poetry, and thought responsibly of Rome and Italy, strengthened by his immense knowledge of antiquities. Then he passed beyond even his faith in Augustus, and perhaps his faith in Rome. For Vergil, ends were always becoming means. Perhaps even Rome became a means to something more than Rome.

When Aeneas at Cumae went below the earth to see a revelation of the past, the present, and the future, he had to carry as his passport a golden bough. The whole splendid sixth book of the *Aeneid* is, in the Vergilian way, expressed through fused and blended learning. The description of this world beyond death and time owes much to some of the myths of Plato and something to some lines of Pindar. There is no doubt that there is also a recollection of the ritual, and even the spiritual experiences and contacts, which belonged to the mysteries at Eleusis. Whether Vergil had seen visions of mystic kinds is uncertain, though there are signs in the *Aeneid* that he was well aware of spiritual contacts with a more than earthly life. The reminiscences of literary sources in which he expresses his thought are no proof that the thought, or even some mystic vision, is not his own, although the manipulation of sources clearly helped to bring Vergil's thought, and perhaps inspired visionary thought, into his own consciousness.

Of that there are examples in the sixth *Aeneid*, and they are enlightening. Vergil there contrived, apparently through a grammatical confusion to which his manipulations had led, to find and express profound doctrines concerning free will and destiny, the confession of sins, and the subtle political truth that it is men, not measures, who best help the state. The distinction between poetic and mystic inspiration is sometimes fine.

The golden bough which Aeneas carries as his passport to revelation is many things. It is Vergil's art to make layer after layer of meaning coincide. But this 'golden branch amid the shadows', as Tennyson called it, is very particularly, according to the observation of the South African Vergilian scholar Professor T. J. Haarhoff, a bough or branch mentioned by Meleager in his Greek poem, *The Wreath*, in which he

lists, with symbolic words, books and writers of value to him. High in importance is 'the golden bough of Plato the divine, glittering' all round with every kind of goodness'. So goodness is the passport to revelation amid the shadows. It is no casual judgment on the part of Vergil, but a grave, authoritative conclusion. Dryden rightly called Vergil the chastest and royalest poet. As Vergil made the *Aeneid*, he gathered from a certain power in goodness an authority to rule and to guide. There has hardly been a poet who overlooked so little, and held so much in just balance, as Vergil. Deep in his nature was the love of reconciliation. Perhaps he sought it, with integrity and sure feeling, in all his actions. The *Aeneid* speaks with flaming power. But it speaks with a devout patience, also. Vergil's poetry grows strongly and naturally from the soil itself. 'No man sees the pattern of his maze', wrote Vita Sackville-West, 'least of all he who plans his careful ways, lacking the strong inevitable thing'. She might have been thinking of Vergil, not David. A rhythm, natural and divine as well, was disclosed when the *Aeneid* had been made, and with it a gift of peace.

—Third Programme—

For the Birth of a God

Wherever now you are, and whoever you may be,
In countryside or city, in the mountains or at sea;
Dark with the vigour of the wave that bears our age,
Or fair and impossible as my own lost image:

You through the furnaces of all disaster
Shall surely walk, and through the deserts of our day.

Through the spirit's night, the mind's bright master
You shall prove, and through the body's golden clay
Shall breathe the soul, and draw the precious veins of stone
That burn to speech the dumbness of our flesh and bone.

You, at the last, great saviour, shall arrive, and be
The one our insecurity confesses and awaits.

For you alone can come, and take us seriously,
With a gay abandon, we who at the gates
Of nothing live with lust, and pride, and vanity and war.

May I, too, prince, now recognise for what you are
You with the unknown face and the familiar eyes
Whose voice is all men's, and whose love is wise.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Sleeping Beauty

At every daughter's birth a war of fairies
Ordains her homely, wanton, or a shrew.
Though seven virtues fall on her like kisses
There may be ill-luck at her cradle too.

So this one pricked herself and bled to death—
Only her death was changed into a sleep.
That moment froze the castle guard on duty,
Doves, fountains, flags, in courtyard or on keep.

Now as she breathes away her century's silence,
Dreams in her body grow like the wood's grain.
The gradual forest breeds her unfledged joys;
Leaves kiss and whisper in her vaulted brain.

'Sleep, darling, O my darling, till I come',
Prays every prince for whom a girl in hiding
Waits time-imprisoned till the bird's confusion
Tells how into her forest he comes riding.

The generations of the little creatures
Along her veins have pattered out the track
Where, stamping his four hooves, at length shall come
The stallion with her lover on his back.

Horn through the glade and clatter on the cobbles
Break off the guard's and ostlers' age of sleeping.
She from her bed starts up in tears to find
His terrifying sword in her hands' keeping.

JAMES REEVES

NEWS DIARY

September 12-18

Wednesday, September 12

Mr. Robert Lovett appointed Secretary of Defence in succession to General Marshall who resigns after a year in office

The three western Foreign Ministers at their first full meeting in Washington discuss Russian policy and the position in the Middle East

Persian Government sends an 'ultimatum' to Washington to be passed on to the United Kingdom about the oil dispute

Randolph Turpin loses world middleweight boxing championship in New York to Ray Robinson

Thursday, September 13

Three western Foreign Ministers reach agreement on terms of a proposed peace settlement for the German Federal Republic

Persian Deputy Prime Minister announces plan for national loan. A former Persian Prime Minister revives Opposition party

Secretary of State for Air says new aircraft on show at Farnborough justify British claim to lead the world in the development of jet bombers

Friday, September 14

Foreign Ministers in Washington publish declaration on policy towards Germany

United Nations troops advance in Korea

The British Government requisitions exports in transit to Persia

Saturday, September 15

Heavy fighting continues in Korea

Meeting of the North Atlantic Council opens in Ottawa

The King returns to London for further treatment for his lung condition

Sunday, September 16

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company suspends from payroll all Persians in departments controlled by Persian Oil Board

Prime Minister attends service at Westminster Abbey to commemorate Battle of Britain

Monday, September 17

North Atlantic Council discusses expenditure on rearmament

Mr. Harriman is reported to have refused to transmit Persian 'ultimatum' to United Kingdom

Eighteen hundred dockers take part in unofficial London strike.

Tuesday, September 18

North Atlantic Council discusses admission of Turkey and Greece

United Nations command agrees to another meeting at Kaesong

Bulletin about the King's health issued from Buckingham Palace

Experiments in television for schools to be undertaken next summer



THE AMERICAN

The Foreign Ministers of France, Great Britain and the United States, M. Schuman, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Acheson, photographed as they left San Francisco by air on September 9 for a series of meetings in Washington. Among the subjects discussed by them last week were the future of western Germany, east-west trade, and the Middle East. On September 15 the Foreign Ministers flew to Ottawa for the opening session of the North Atlantic Council meeting



Mr. Atlee unveiling a silver plaque to mark the opening of the oil refinery at Fawley, Hampshire, on September 14

Right: the lake and woods of Claremont Estate, Esher, Surrey, a National Trust property of some fifty acres which was opened to the public on Saturday. The property does not include the house which, with most of the grounds, is used by a girls' school



The Hawker 1067, the world's fastest fighter, was on display at the Farnborough Air Show last week. Its performance was the show where record crowds saw Britain's new fighters. Last weekend the Battle of Britain was commemorated in the country, and many R.A.F. Staff





On September 12 it was announced that General Marshall, United States Secretary of Defence, had resigned. In this photograph President Truman is seen with General Marshall and (right) Mr. Robert Lovett, the General's deputy, who has been appointed to succeed him. Paying tribute to General Marshall, President Truman said, 'No man has ever given his country more distinguished and patriotic service'



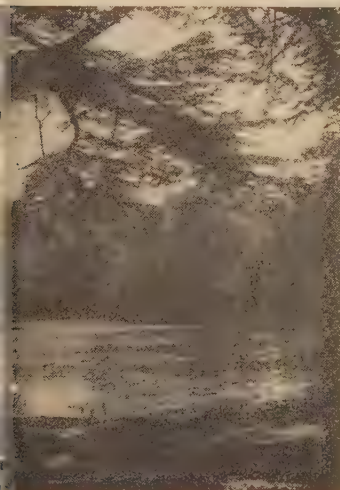
Since the suspension of the armistice talks in Korea, bitter fighting has been renewed on the eastern and central fronts. This photograph shows the scene of desolation on 'Bloody Ridge' captured after a fierce battle by troops of the U.S. Second Division. On September 17 General Ridgway sent a message to the Communist commanders offering to resume the armistice talks; he afterwards flew to Korea for discussions with military commanders



about to land after a flight at once was one of the features of latest civil and military aircraft. Memorated by services all over were open to the public



Tiger triplets born recently at the London Zoo and neglected by their mother, are being reared by a Welsh collie. The foster-mother photographed with the cubs last week



A floral duck, one of the many tableaux seen in the recent parade of flowers in Amsterdam. Hundreds of thousands of blooms were used in their construction



Crowds watching an ascent in an R.A.F. balloon from the South Bank last week. Carrying a crew of three, the balloon drifted over London and landed nearly an hour later in a field north-east of Waltham Abbey, Essex

What is the Christian Hope?

By LESSLIE NEWBIGIN, Bishop in Madhurai and Ramnad, Church of South India

THE World Council of Churches, which came into existence at the World Assembly in Amsterdam, in 1948, has begun to make plans for the next World Assembly, which will probably take place in 1954. And it has asked a group of twenty-five men and women from different countries to begin to think together about what the Assembly ought to try to say. The theme that was first suggested was 'Jesus Christ as Lord, the Hope for the Church and the World'. This group met together for ten days this summer in Switzerland, and began to think together as to what is the meaning of that word 'hope'. What is the word of hope which the Churches really have to say to the world in this generation? What is the Christian hope?

Differences among Christians Today

As we examined that question we began to see that there were deep differences amongst us. When we look into the New Testament, I think we are bound to be struck by the fact that the word 'hope' plays a much larger part than it does in most Christian thinking and preaching. We preach a good deal about faith and love, but not, I think, very much about hope. It is true that we use the word 'hope' a great deal, but it generally refers to those smaller hopes about which we are not very sure whether they will be realised. Perhaps it is so just because we do not have a very firm grip on what the New Testament calls 'the Hope which never disappoints us'.

What is this ultimate, sure and certain hope, about which we can be certain when all other hopes fail? I think that if you asked an ordinary church member in the west for the past hundred years or so what was the ultimate hope on which he relied, he would probably give you one or both of two distinct answers. First, the answer that he hoped that the world was going to be better for his children and his grandchildren than it is now, that he hoped that, with whatever setbacks, the world was progressing and would progress towards some, perhaps vaguely defined, perfection in future. And on the other hand he might say that he hoped for himself and for his friends and fellow-believers that there was an ultimate personal immortality beyond death. I think I am right in saying that an average Christian would answer with one or both of these hopes. And I want to show that that means we have really forgotten the New Testament hope; or rather that we have broken it up into two fragments, neither of which is, in itself, true or capable of standing.

Look, in the first place, at this belief, this hope for human progress. It has a very brief history, not more than 200 years; and it is suffering a very widespread breakdown at the present day. That is so, not merely, as is so often said, because of a failure of nerve under the blows that it has suffered in the last few decades, but more fundamentally because of its own inherent illogicality. Because if your ultimate hope is fixed upon something which is to happen or to exist on this planet a hundred or two hundred years ahead, then obviously the men and women now living can only be instrumental in the fulfilment of that hope, and they cannot share in it. Necessarily, the individual is pushed to one side.

In our own day, communism and the other totalitarian faiths have had the courage to accept the logic of this hope. The tragedy is that those who are not prepared to accept it are often left without any real hope at all. Is it not true that in so many parts of the world today those who have hope for the future are those who have apparently no compassion for the men and women now living and dying in the present? And that those who cannot rid themselves of that compassion are at the same time those who have no hope for the future? The belief that we can rest our ultimate hopes upon some future earthly perfection, ultimately breaks down by its own inherent illogicality. But, on the other hand, if we flee from that into a hope simply for personal immortality, we are landed in an equally impossible position. It is true that it is only the faith that there is a destiny for every individual beyond death which can assure the significance and worth of the individual within the social process; if there is no future for man beyond the grave then quite certainly the individual is simply instrumental in the social process and ought to be treated as such.

But to make the hope of personal survival alone one's ultimate hope must mean finally abandoning the attempt to make any sense of human history. There can be a multitude of individual meanings within history, but there cannot be a meaning to the whole of history. If the ultimate end is simply my personal salvation, then selfishness, provided it is sufficiently far-sighted, is once more enthroned as the final virtue, and history has no meaning. Or else, if we shrink from that, we are left with a situation which I fancy many Christians are in, where we have to cope with two unrelated meanings: some kind of meaning for the cosmic process as a whole and some kind of private meaning for my own life, but the two ultimately unrelated to each other.

In contrast to these two fragments of hope, the New Testament gives us what one might call a unitary hope. It is not simply the hope that the world is going to get better, nor is it simply the hope that I am going to achieve immortality. It is the hope of Christ's final victory by which history is consummated and brought to its end, a consummation in which both the meaning of the whole cosmic process and the meaning of my individual life is achieved and revealed. Unless I am much mistaken, the New Testament, when it speaks of the personal future of the individual, speaks almost entirely within the context of that corporate and perfect hope. It is the hope that all things shall be summed up in Christ. And that is not conceived of simply as a continuation—as the sort of end-product—of history on this planet. On the contrary, the language of the New Testament is always in terms of a new creation, a new heaven and a new earth. Not immortality, but resurrection. And the distinction is important. In the New Testament that new creation involves a radical judgment upon all that is human, the reversal of human judgment. The first shall be last and the last first, as Christ said over and over again. You remember that in His parable of the Final Judgment it is the apparently insignificant act, the cup of cold water, the food to the hungry, the visit to the prisoner, the act which the doer had himself forgotten, which is found to be ultimately significant. There is thus judgment at the threshold of that consummation for which the Christian hopes.

There is a radical discontinuity—not a complete discontinuity, that would be meaningless, but a radical discontinuity—between that final consummation and this on-going history, whether personal or corporate; a discontinuity indicated by the words 'death' and 'resurrection'. This elemental judgment of discontinuity is not accidental but necessary. Death is a sort of boundary line which runs across all that is human, both the personal life and the life of cultures and empires and civilisations. It is, as it were, that nothing human is such that it can be projected to infinity, that it can be projected to perfection, because there is evil mixed in at the roots of even what is good in human achievement; that every human achievement is subject both to transience and also to ambiguity. Every human achievement opens up the possibility both of new good and of new evil. And right across all human achievement there necessarily runs the boundary of death, the sign, the symbol, of that radical evil.

Individual Meaning and Cosmic Meaning

It is this which accounts for the fact that it is so difficult for us to reconcile personal meaning, individual meaning, with cosmic meaning. It is because every man must die before the harvest that he has sown can be reaped. He is, as it were, swept out of the on-going army and left by the side so that he cannot see the end of the march. That is the sign both of God's judgment and also of His mercy: judgment, because no human life and no human achievement is in itself fit for eternity; and also mercy, because there is necessarily a time—human life being what it is—when the possibilities of what is human within the bounds of history have been exhausted, and it is time to bring down the curtain. That applies both to the individual and also, surely, to the whole cosmic drama.

We have here no continuing city. The Christian hope, then, is fixed upon that which lies beyond the gulf of death and resurrection, upon a new creation: as the Bible says, a new Jerusalem coming down out

of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. It is a hope based not upon a speculation but upon a fact, the fact that Jesus died and rose again: that Jesus, the sinless Son of God who was made man for us, took upon Himself for us that death which is the wages of sin, the sign of God's judgment upon us; that Jesus went down into that river which is the ultimate boundary of all that is human and rose again, conqueror over sin and death. We have been begotten again to a living hope by the resurrection, says Peter. And that hope again is not simply individual but cosmic. It is not simply the resurrection of the individual but the certain hope of Christ's ultimate triumph, of a new creation, that is the hope to which we are begotten again by the resurrection.

Christian hope, therefore, is something which is solidly based upon both the past and the present. It is based upon the accomplished victory of Christ and upon His continuing reign at the right hand of the Father. I know no better way of illustrating the atmosphere, so to say, of the New Testament, no better way of illustrating the particular quality of hope as it seems to me that the New Testament presents it, than from the experience of countless people on the Continent—in the occupied parts of Europe during the days between D-Day and V-Day. When the news was flashed across Europe and men realised that the decisive landings had been made, that a bridgehead had been established, then all over occupied Europe people knew that this was the moment to rise, to throw off the occupying power, to strike the blow for freedom. That this was, as the phrase was then used, the beginning of the end. And that is almost precisely the language of the New Testament. With Christ, we have the beginning of the end, we are living between D-Day and V-Day, between the decisive breakthrough, as it were, and the final victory. There is a fight, but we live in a certain and sure hope of victory, based upon what He has done.

The Christian hope, therefore, must necessarily appear from the

world's point of view profoundly paradoxical, as paradoxical as the Cross. Because it is hope based upon a death and a resurrection, and therefore experienced in a constant dying and rising with Christ. It is, therefore, not a hope which depends for its validation, for its confirmation, upon what one might call historical effectiveness. The man who has this hope is enabled, as it were, to offer each day obedience to God in and through Christ, knowing that as God raised up Christ from the dead He can and will keep and raise up all that is offered to Him through Christ, even though it may be as historically ineffective as Christ's life and ministry must have been pronounced to be by His contemporaries.

At the end of his life the great apostle, a prisoner in Rome, apparently condemned to complete uselessness, looking over his own life and labours, said: 'I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day'. That is the Christian hope: that every act of obedience to God, however apparently insignificant and historically ineffective, can be committed to Him now, immediately, in the present, with the sure confidence that it is kept until the day of the final victory.

In the recent international gathering in Switzerland it was made extraordinarily clear to us that Christians in the world today face fundamentally different situations. One man may be in a situation where he can apparently do nothing which is outwardly effective for Christ. Another man is in a position where there are almost boundless possibilities for altering the situation in obedience to what we see in the New Testament. What was clear, as we talked together about the Christian hope, was that in each and every situation it is possible for the Christian to commit, here and now, the act that he can do to the living God, knowing that He is able to keep it till the day of His final victory.—*Third Programme*

More Foreign Than Before

By WILLIAM PLOMER

FOREIGNERS—what a word! I suppose it has to be used sometimes, but I do not like it. There is an old story about an Englishman in China who was airing his opinions with some Chinese friends. 'Yes, yes', they said, 'but after all, you're a foreigner'. 'What?' he cried, 'are you calling me a foreigner? I'm not a foreigner, I'm British!'

It is not always easy for an Englishman to remember that to most of the human race he is a foreigner. Once in my early twenties I was walking through a mountain village in the Far East. 'A foreigner, a foreigner!' I heard the people calling out to one another, and the whole village, dogs included, turned out and ran after me. I was told that they had never seen a European before and that I was probably the first one who had ever set foot in the place. Those villagers belonged to one of the many nations who have held the belief that they were of divine origin, a chosen race with a special destiny, and a special civilisation that set them above all others. (The same mistake is still being made here and there in our country, and it puts off people who might be friends and allies.) Those villagers may have felt that this inferior intruder from the outside world, this foreign devil, taller and blonder than themselves, might be bringing some vague threat to their security. Anyway, I had made the important discovery that I, too, was a foreigner, and that it was a more conspicuous thing to be in Asia than in Europe.

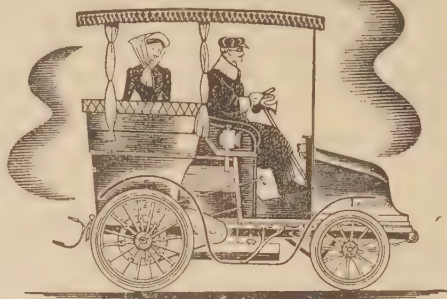
The dictionary says foreigners are 'persons born in a foreign country or speaking a foreign language'. That seems plain enough. But if we look into the origin of the word 'foreign' we find it carries with it the basic idea of something outside, so a foreigner is an outsider. Directly we speak of somebody as an outsider, we can hardly help suggesting that we think ourselves superior, because we are inside. At the same time we suggest that we are afraid, or half afraid, that somebody from outside is somehow threatening the security of inside, where we are. Unfortunately this fear often seems to be amply justified. It is ancient and primitive, and it must go right back to the times when we lived in caves and stockades, but it is still very much alive. Can it be diminished? Yes, a little, perhaps, by stretching those muscles of

the mind which most need exercise—the muscles of the imagination. I do not mean that we should then be able to see things from the foreigner's point of view—that would be a bit too much of a good thing—but we should at least recognise that the outsider may have a point of view in some ways unlike our own.

It is, of course, true that the more you see both sides of a question the less likely you are to take action, but I am inclined to think that a great deal too much action has been taken in my time. I almost wish somebody would take inaction for a change. That might afford time for wondering whether foreigners are as foreign as they seem, and whether we are not becoming more foreign to them. Speaking as an Englishman, I believe I am getting more foreign myself. Not very many years ago I took it into my head to travel right across Russia. I had an ordinary passport, got a visa without any trouble, bought a ticket, and travelled from Korea to the Polish frontier, right across Siberia and European Russia. I broke the journey at several points and stopped for some time in Moscow to see the sights. I was not a tourist, nor a delegate of any kind, but just a private person on the move. With the chance help of a travelling companion who spoke Russian fluently I was able to talk freely to people I met and they gave every appearance of talking freely to me.

I have no idea whether anybody took any interest in my journey: I think it highly unlikely, I was unimportant and unpolitical. Nobody bothered me. I was never arrested, nor searched, nor questioned, and nobody ran after me crying 'A foreigner, a foreigner!' But if all we hear is true, I could hardly hope to repeat the experience—and I may say I enjoyed every minute of it. If I were to ask for it tomorrow, I doubt if I should get a visa to travel unaccompanied across Siberia. Somehow or other, I must have become more foreign than before, and I regret it. Whose fault is it? Is it mine, or the Russians', or somebody else's? I do not know; I am not the Recording Angel. But it is no pleasure to have become, in any part of the world, more foreign than before. 'Cosmopolitan' has in some quarters become a term of political abuse, and that is a bad sign.

I am not howling for a Utopia, or advocating universal benevolence,



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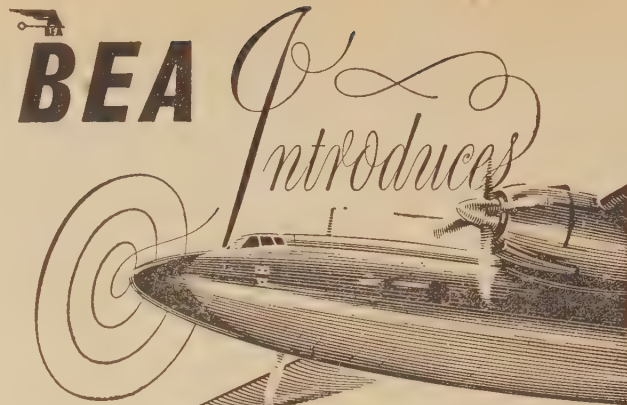
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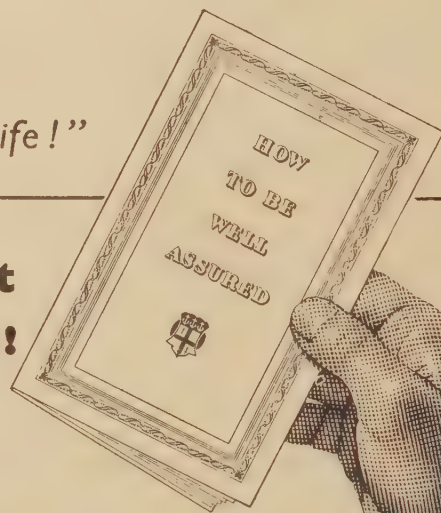
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or an immediate free-for-all in the shape of abolished frontiers and compulsory fraternisation. Oh dear, no. All men may be brothers, but brothers can be extremely irritating; they can be deadly enemies, or what is almost as bad, deadly bores. Nor am I advocating that broadening of the mind which is supposed to be a result of travel: broadmindedness sounds too like flat feet. I am not even doing any wishful thinking—I am just *wishing* that the idea of foreignness was getting less strong. The only one good thing about it is that it does drive one to conclude not how different nations and individuals are from one another, but how painfully alike they are. Or, in other words, that foreigners are *not* as foreign as they seem.

Foreigners, of course, begin at home. Not long ago country people in this United Kingdom would speak with distaste of people coming from another county, or even from the next village, as 'foreigners'. Perhaps they still do. And it is not long ago that Scotland and Wales, to say nothing of Ireland, were foreign countries: if language is a test of foreignness, then, in patches at least, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are still foreign. The other day I overheard a conversation in a London shop between an assistant and a customer. The customer was saying that he had been having a holiday in Wales. 'In Wales!' cried the assistant; 'Oh, I couldn't go *there*! I don't like the Welsh people at all'. 'Well, I like them very much', said the customer; 'but have you ever been in Wales?' 'Oh, no, I wouldn't go there for anything!' The customer left her with a resounding platitude. 'Don't forget', he said, 'that there's good and bad in every country'. A platitude is like a pancake—it is flat, but if you absorb it quietly you can enjoy it, and it helps to keep you going. It is nourishing.

The young woman who was not attracted to Wales reminds me of a military man I once knew who had a violent prejudice against one of the greatest of European nations. As he was certainly part of the backbone of this country I will call him Major Vertebra. Well, poor Major Vertebra was so emotional that he had cut himself off from one of the great sources of our civilisation; he actually professed to believe that a certain great nation, which I need not name, was good for nothing—politically, militarily, collectively, and individually worthless. But oh, worse was to come. Poor Major Vertebra was once heard to say, not humorously, not in a moment of exasperation, but in deadly earnest, 'I must say I *can't stand civilians*! I can't make them out at all!'

Civilians! Just think of it! If that was what he felt about the greater number of his fellow-countrymen, including his wife (if he had one) and his mother (if he had ever had one), no wonder he was contemptuous about all those lesser breeds (and one in particular), who, in his view, probably began at Calais and extended all over the globe—dirty, excitable, unreliable, mostly civilians, and not much better if they were wearing some foreign uniform or other. Well, it takes all sorts to make an army, and it is bound to include some boneheads. Before we condemn them, or laugh at Major Vertebra, whose life was honourably devoted to defending his country, let us be quite sure that there is no excess of bone in our own heads. Have we never said anything equally rash ourselves? Have we never been guilty of saying, 'The only good Visigoth is a dead Visigoth'? Have we never said, when reading in the papers about the provoking behaviour of the Babylonians: 'Just like them! Just what they *would* do! I can't stand the Babylonians! I can't make them out at all!' If we have ever said anything of that sort, we were no more enlightened than Major Vertebra—or than those foreigners who believe that all English men and women are slow, cold, and arrogant, or those Orientals who believe that all foreigners are rich, and that all Europeans are hairy and smell like camels or like corpses.

There are particular reasons why we in this island should be careful what we say about outsiders. For instance, many outsiders went to the making of us; we are a mixed race. And thank goodness we are. The idea of pure breeding may be all very well down on the farm, in the kennel or in the sty, but among human beings it looks as if it is becoming out of date. The most conspicuous attempt at selective breeding in our time—I mean Hitler's—was not merely out of date, it was criminal. A few weeks ago a physicist, Dr. Furth, was addressing the British Association at Edinburgh. He thought that the formation of what might be called 'pure communities' of people belonging to the same race—whatever that meant—was dangerous for the maintenance of democracy. He felt that to establish a stable human society was necessary to allow a certain amount of mixing of populations. He recalled some of the things that have been done with a view to strengthening social or national communities—things like segregating

different races within a community, or expelling minorities—and he reminded us how these things have produced an exactly opposite effect to what was intended.

The English tradition of admitting foreign refugees from political, racial, or religious persecution is a sound and sensible one. It may be that this country is now so overcrowded that we shall not be able to go on allowing ourselves to receive any non-British immigrants except specialists in some form of manual work or brain work. But in the last twenty years, as in earlier times, we have admitted a great variety of foreigners to this country and not a few of them to British nationality. Many of them came here in middle life, having lost their families, possessions, jobs, and prospects. Torn up by the roots and transplanted, having to learn a new language and acclimatise themselves to our complex and foreign ways—yes, *our* foreign ways—many of them have succeeded but many are still having a difficult time. Why should we judge them, any more than we would judge our own community, by the least admirable among them? Why should we take it for granted that we are better men and women than they are? Never let us be afraid of new blood, or forget how, all through our history, and notably at this present time, outsiders have enriched our national life, particularly in the arts and sciences, and in trade. To remember that nothing human ought to be alien to us is often uphill work, but it is worth the climb—and, after all, the same effort has to be made by outsiders who find themselves confronted with us—the slow, cold, self-satisfied, perfidious, and hairy English.—*Home Service*

O Happy Circumstance

O happy, happy circumstance,
I took a stone and struck a stone.
A spark flew off, the electric air
Thrilled me to the bone.

How could I know that childish deed
Would set creation throbbing so?
Trees shivered, beasts kicked up their heels,
Streams began to flow.

To stop that awful anarchy
I took a word and struck a word.
A rhyme flew off, with endless tears
Order was restored.

Now as a man I stand between
Nature and God to learn their laws.
The effect is here, but still I seek
Far, far back the cause.

J. C. HALL

After the Bright Day

After the bright day the land will secrete
Its darkness; the fawn sands will spin
Film on film from themselves of violet,
On which the nacreous deltas shine

Not brighter than the sky-clearings they image,
But wider and more constantly,
Under the faults in the cloud, the clefts, the mirage
Of day laid white, low over sea—

After the sun; after stray clouds and wind
Have stroked, like hands against the pile,
To smokier the fur-bloom-coloured sand
—Blowing in desultory file

All day off sea; after the seagull's shadow
That driven as moth haunts the cliff-wall
Has crossed again, and the day-flowering rainbow
Has lived and died in the waterfall.

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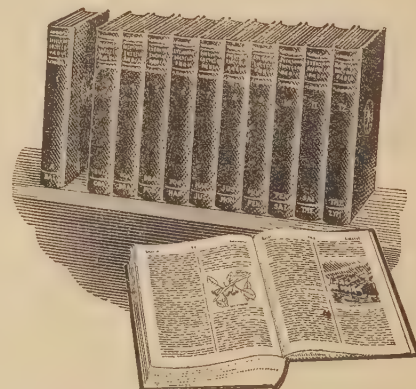
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T.L.23

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Oliver Cromwell

Sir,—In my recent broadcast talk I tried to show that Oliver Cromwell's belief in the value of liberty of conscience and his application of a measure of religious toleration in the middle of the seventeenth century contributed to the freedom of thought allowed in this country on which most of us pride ourselves today. The Reverend F. H. Amphlett Micklewright, who wrote to you last week, is wrong if he thinks that I claimed anything so foolish as a direct connection between Puritanism as practised by the Presbyterians of John Knox's day and what he calls the 'social freedom' of modern times. Thomas Cartwright, whom he mentions, was a Presbyterian professor at Cambridge who died when Cromwell was a child; Cromwell himself was not a Presbyterian but an Independent; and he drove the Presbyterians from Parliament and, very fortunately, saved England from having Scottish Presbyterianism imposed on it as the exclusive state religion. Nor do I imagine there was any link between Cromwell's policies and Christian socialism of the nineteenth century or modern socialism. I would add that there is nothing whatever in common between the 'natural liberty' in which Cromwell believed and the extremer forms of state socialism which have been introduced into parts of Europe in our own lifetimes.

Of course, no Puritan of Cromwell's day believed in the virtues of episcopacy. And we now know that men like Falkland and Clarendon, who are always regarded as stalwarts of the Anglican Church, were in favour of radically reforming the politically-minded episcopacy as it existed in the early seventeenth century and in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The old episcopacy perished with Charles I. And bishops naturally had a difficult time during the Interregnum. But Mr. Micklewright is singularly unhappy in his other examples of Cromwellian intolerance. For it was Oliver Cromwell himself who intervened against Parliament to save the mad Quaker, James Nayler (not John, as your correspondent calls him), from capital punishment; and as to Biddle, the Unitarian, his life, too, was 'undoubtedly saved' (to quote Sir Charles Firth) by the personal intervention of Cromwell.

Cromwell, being dead, can scarcely be blamed for the breakdown of the Savoy Conference of 1661, but nor can the Puritans. What the conference in fact proved was that the freedom of religious thought that existed under Cromwell had made it impossible for all Christians to come together again under the umbrella of a bishop-ruled and state-protected Church. I do not know exactly what Mr. Micklewright means by the Church of England being 'socially popular' in 1662. What I do know is that in that very year twelve hundred clergymen left the Church rather than accept the act of uniformity. Thenceforward freedom of thought became inevitable.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

MAURICE ASHLEY
Chairman, Cromwell Association

Choosing Children for Secondary Schools

Sir,—I have read with interest and often with sympathy the letters you have published about my broadcast 'Choosing Children'. Perhaps I may now usefully add some observations.

In general, I was concerned to describe the

examination as it is rather than consider whether it might be improved, and if so, how. Thus, to take the point made in more than one letter, that the normal age of transfer from Primary to Secondary should be thirteen, the fact is that at present it is eleven. If a change were in question it would be pertinent that many psychologists would prefer the later age. However, it is conceivable that what might be psychologically sound might, for other reasons, be difficult or inadvisable. One wonders, for instance, what the Secondary Modern school would make of a course lasting no more than two years. Also, in considering the distribution of children it would be necessary as well to take account of the distribution of accommodation. I suspect that in many instances the supply of suitable school places would not match the demand. As regards premature withdrawals from Grammar schools it may be argued, and in fact has been, that this is a factor which should be recognised in the method of selection, though this would apparently be difficult to do. As one correspondent suggests it would seem to require a test of the parents as well as the children. It is, of course, a difficulty which one regrets and it is of doubtful comfort that it is not a new one.

As regards intelligence tests, opinions about them differ and I expect will continue to do so. Their virtues have no doubt often been exaggerated. Nevertheless, I think we have had sufficient experience of them to say that they provide one good means in conjunction with others of discovering a boy's or a girl's potentiality. They are seldom used alone but most authorities have learnt to value them. Certainly my experience has not led me to the state of mind when I could give a confident affirmative in answer to the question put by Mr. Mulliss, 'and are these tests not loathed by the teachers?'

Finally, there is much to be said about the Education Act of 1944 and the delay—no doubt necessary—in fully carrying it out. However such problems might form the topic of a whole series of broadcasts and were, in any case, I think, beyond the scope of a single broadcast on 'Choosing Children for Secondary Schools'.

Leeds

Yours, etc.,
R. N. ARMFELT

[We have received many letters on this subject and regret that we cannot devote more space to it. The correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Trends in American Civil Liberties

Sir,—I owe you and your readers an apology. It is common knowledge that Kenneth Macgowan took an open stand against the so-called 'loyalty-oath'; Professor Gellhorn mentioned the wholesale dismissals from the University of California of those who refused to sign it; I deduced, incorrectly, that Mr. Macgowan was among those dismissed. His many admirers in this country will be glad to learn that this is not the case: he has remained at the head of his department, which continues to function excellently—in fact, two of its films ('shorts') have, he believes, been shown at the Edinburgh Festival. A brief resumé of certain other salient points in a letter from him which I have just received may interest your readers.

In 1940, at the time of Finland and the Hitler-Stalin pact, the University Regents barred com-

munist from the Faculty, and the Faculty accepted this ruling. When, more recently, an attempt was made to enforce the 'loyalty-oath', the Regents, urged by the alumni, agreed that the Faculty itself should decide, through its Committee on Privilege and Tenure (of which Mr. Macgowan was, and is, a member) whether it had any communists among those who refused to sign the oath. The committee cleared all the non-signers but one. The Regents voted 12 to 10 to accept the committee's report as recommended by the President (Vice-Chancellor); then one Regent changed his vote, moved reconsideration at the next meeting, brought two missing Regents to it, and the report was rejected. The dismissals followed. The three-judge Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the President in a unanimous decision, and the matter has now gone to the State Supreme Court. Meanwhile, a Committee for Responsible University Government, of which Mr. Macgowan is treasurer, has raised enough money from Faculty members to pay the salaries of all those dismissed; furthermore, one of the latter was immediately engaged on a campus project under a Government grant, and another has been given a grant by the Rockefeller Foundation. Not even the most violent American anti-communist has yet, so far as I am aware, accused either his own Government or the Rockefeller Foundation of being financed by Moscow.

My regrettable mis-statement does not, of course, affect the main thesis of my original letter: that thinking Americans recognise, fear, and deplore a marked tendency toward fascism among certain of their fellow-citizens. Some of my (private) correspondents have asked what we in this country can do to help victims of American witch-hunting. The warmth of appreciation shown in Mr. Macgowan's letter is evidence that they find the moral support given them through the B.B.C., THE LISTENER, and other sections of the British Press a real solace and source of strength. We need, however, to keep in mind that, while criticism of American internal affairs is permissible and, indeed, in the opinion of many Americans, desirable, any attempt at interference in those affairs would be as harmful as it would be stupid; and intemperate abuse of those with whom we disagree is, of course, less helpful to their victims, let alone to themselves or ourselves, than a dispassionate attempt to understand why such people feel, think, and act as they do, coupled with unqualified readiness to accept the fact that they sincerely believe themselves to be feeling, thinking, and acting aright. Should—improbably—the spokesmen of every country remember these truisms, the world might be less unhappy.—Yours, etc.,

Ditmarsham

MAURICE BROWNE

Local Accent

Sir,—The real value of Standard English should not be confused with the small advantage of using the particular type of English spoken at the older public schools, indeed, in these days it may prove a disadvantage. Its real value is that it is readily understood in every part of this country and, indeed, in every country in which the English language is spoken. It is important to realise that the value of Standard English is in the spoken word; while it is pleasanter to read grammatical English than ungrammatical, no



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reasonable person will deny that the intention of the most ungrammatical and illiterate letter is always clear, if only because any difficult sentence can be re-read. This does not apply to the spoken sentence in which any departure from the normal in accent (used in its correct sense), pronunciation, pace, or rhythm can render the whole sentence unintelligible. Defenders of local pronunciations may argue that they are attractive, as indeed they may be, and without disadvantage if used at a local tea-party. As a user of Standard English and the possessor of a resonant voice, I can be readily understood in every county, but I find myself unable to understand local pronunciation if it comes from a part of the country with which I am unfamiliar, and my difficulties are, no less because the grammar and syntax are above reproach.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1 H. ST. JOHN RUMSEY
Consulting Speech Therapist to Guy's Hospital

Sir,—Mr. David Abercrombie in his interesting talk (THE LISTENER, September 6) divides English people into three groups: R.P. speakers of Standard English, non-R.P. speakers of Standard English, and dialect speakers. He then goes on to say:

'I believe this to be a situation which is not paralleled in any other country anywhere. Everywhere else the division is into speakers of the standard language, and speakers of dialect. There is usually a way of pronouncing the standard language which is more highly thought of than other ways, but it always remains a regional accent—usually that of the capital. The non-regional type of accent, which is the essence of R.P., is absent'.

This statement is too sweeping and should be corrected. There is at least one other country where a non-regional type of accent exists: Germany. The R.P. speech of standard German is the pronunciation of the stage (*Bühnensprache*) which was formalised by a commission set up in 1898. This commission, consisting of representatives from the universities and the stage, succeeded in creating what Mr. Abercrombie calls 'the non-regional type of accent, which is the essence of R.P.'.

Phonetic teaching at schools and universities—not only in Germany, but in German-speaking communities elsewhere—has deliberately spread this pronunciation, thus making it more than the special pronunciation of a small professional group. It must be considered as a firmly established R.P.

Yours, etc.,

Bangor

KEITH SPALDING

A Dramatic Critic's Creed

Sir,—It is a little strange to hear Mr. Philip Carr, in his talk 'A Dramatic Critic's Creed' (THE LISTENER, September 13) saying of the boy actors of Shakespeare's plays that 'the female parts, which the boys did play, were carefully limited by the author to their capacities'. Most people would agree that, on the whole, Shakespeare's ladies are not dramatically very difficult. An intelligent boy of twelve or thirteen might, and sometimes does, make a creditable job of Desdemona, Cordelia, even Ophelia. But there are a few startling exceptions, including, unquestionably, Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth. What schoolboy could do justice to 'Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts', or 'O wither'd is the garland of the war', or, indeed, to any of Cleopatra's complexity? There are other lesser cases where in this respect Shakespeare overwrote the theatrical convention of his day, to his own audiences' loss and our gain.

Yours, etc.,

Sheffield

JOHN CHAPMAN

Abstract Painting in England

Sir,—Like Mr. Taylor before him Mr. Pasmore takes good care to quote the abstract line of 1910 rather than that of the post-war vogue to which he is artistically attached.

Despite Mr. Le Brocq and Mr. Rothenstein, neither Picasso nor Matisse contributed to this new abstraction in France. Not the least reason for its rapid growth was a desire by lesser artists to by-pass the overwhelming influence of these two masters. Seasoned abstractionists like Helion attacked the new vogue. Mr. Le Brocq (September 13) prefers to ignore this. It is called the New Abstract as distinct from the old, or the Phoney Abstract because of its imposition rather than its derivation. Some English painters, straining to be fashionable, aped it without question. The English art public rejects it. Chagrined, its sponsors here bottled it as English romantic-cum-abstract. In the recent 'Sixty Painters' exhibition Mr. Pasmore's pure abstraction called 'The Snowstorm' is an example of this cupidity in the use of romantic titles.

After his ability has been piped for weeks by Mr. Le Brocq one expects something of Mr. Pasmore! Instead he has now entered to put his foot in it completely. Says Mr. Pasmore 'Abstract art does not reject content, and is an intellectual and emotional experience derived from the real world'.

Well, let Hilla Rebay, director of the world's largest abstract museum in New York, refute him. Writing in the *Réalités Nouvelles* catalogue, 1947, of the Paris abstract group, she says 'These paintings are used to create the absolute with no intellectual relationship to the materialistic side of earth'.

Mr. Pasmore goes on to desert all his pals of the past month and agreeably sides with me when he says 'an entirely new language has been formed bearing no resemblance at all to traditional forms'. But it could not last. Wrapped in the eloquence of the new language Mr. Pasmore even contradicts himself, finally concludes 'by the power of abstraction man has learnt the laws of nature'. Let me quote Mr. Pasmore a passage from the writings of Kandinsky, the greatest of the first abstractionists, taken from his *Memorial Volume*, page 51. 'Many years were to pass before I reached this simple goal, that the aims of nature and therefore the means at her disposal are essentially and basically different from those of art'.

It seems from the above that Mr. Pasmore, instead of being acclaimed with the elect of the New Abstract, may now be disowned as its chief heretic.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERNARD BOLES

Life of Baron Von Hügel

Sir,—In spite of the loftily condescending tone he adopts, Count Michael de la Bedoyère has not come anywhere near answering the point I raised. At the risk of further ruffling his feelings I venture to repeat it.

In order to be as concise as possible and not to wander, as the Count would say, *per longum et latum*, over the fields of biblical criticism, let me narrow the question to a single and, it seems to me, crucial and decisive case. I quoted in my last letter Leo XIII's encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, in which it is laid down that all the books of the Old and New Testaments, with all their parts, were written by the dictation of the Holy Spirit and consequently can contain no error. 'This is the ancient and unchanging faith of the Church, solemnly defined in the Councils of Florence and Trent, and finally confirmed by the Council of the Vatican'.

Now, if words have any meaning, that absolutely rules out anything in the nature of pious forgeries and interpolations. But consider the case of the famous Text I John, v. 7 (on which,

by the way, Aquinas based the doctrine of the Trinity, cf. *Summa Theologica*, I, Qu. xxx, art. ii). All scholars, outside the Roman Church, have long recognised and rejected this as spurious. And here is Baron von Hügel's opinion of the Papal Commission which perpetrated the absurdity of defending the authenticity of the text: 'This opinion of the Biblical Commission is but one link in a chain of official attempts at the suppression of science and scholarship, beginning with Erasmus and culminating with Richard Simon and Alfred Loisy... when and where has Rome finally abandoned any position, however demonstrated its untenableness? And if no such case can be found, Rome stands utterly discredited'. (Putnam, *Censorship of the Church of Rome*, Vol II, page 472).

The Count complains that I give no evidence for my opinions. Well, here is pretty clear evidence as to what Baron von Hügel thought about biblical inerrancy, and it is for the Count to bring evidence that he ever changed his mind.

As to those great men, Pasteur and Mendel, I have been at some pains to find out if there is any evidence that they seriously and dispassionately examined the historic foundations of their faith. I can honestly say that I have searched Jerusalem with lamps—I have even toiled through the 685 pages of Vallery-Radot's ponderous work—but have found none. Mendel no doubt read, as a young priest, the usual carefully doctored and desiccated little seminary textbooks, but took no special interest in the matter, as his contemporary Renan did. *Un brave curé peut devenir très fort en botanique sans se douter jamais de la façon dont les prérogatives de la papauté se sont échafaudées sur des falsifications séculaires de documents*.

Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

People and Politics in the Middle East

Sir,—As the writer of a letter published in *The Times* of May 20, 1941, asking who began the absurd habit of calling Yugoslavia and Greece the Middle East and why it was followed, I am naturally glad to see Mr. de la Torre's in your issue of September 13. My letter elicited no reply except an approving one from Brig. Gen. Grogan, published on May 24, 1941. The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines 'Near East' as 'Turkey', and Wyld's as 'Turkey and the Balkan States'. Routledge's *Encyclopaedia*, 1934, does not mention Middle East, but defines 'Near East' as the 'general name for that part of Asia nearest Europe, including Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia'. Wyld's Dictionary, 1936, defines 'Middle East' as 'a term used in politics for the various States lying between the Near and the Far East, usually including Persia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and parts of Turkestan'.

Whitaker, 1951, page 198, says 'The expressions "The Near East", "The Middle East", and "The Far East" often appear in the Press of English-speaking countries, but have no definite boundaries. A correspondent to *The Times* (June 27, 1945) suggested the following limits: Near East (Turkey to Persia) 25°-60° E. long., Middle East (Baluchistan to Burma) 60°-100° E. long., Far East (Siam to Japan) 100°-160° E. long.'.

I have never seen any attempt to defend the practice of calling Yugoslavia and Greece the Middle East, but Mr. Churchill, in Volume III of his book 'The Second World War', habitually uses the term to mean Libya, except when he refers to the headquarters at Cairo. Libya is due south of Norway. In this and in his pronunciation of foreign names I do not think his example need be followed.

Yours, etc.,

Devon

R. GRANT BROWN

Art

Indian Medieval Sculpture

By W. G. ARCHER

UNTIL the last quarter of a century, the western attitude to Indian sculpture was revealingly expressed in the kind of photographs which served to illustrate it. In 1910, Sir George Birdwood thought fit to declare 'Of "fine art", the unfettered and impassioned realisation of the ideals kindled within us, by the things without us, I have up to the present and through an experience of seventy-eight years, found no examples in India'. But even as late as the early nineteen-twenties the same aversion was still persisting, and an art-critic so sensitive in other respects to Oriental art as Roger Fry found something repulsive in the whole nature of Indian sculpture and reacted to some of its most magnificent pieces with faint shudders of chilly disdain.

To such an attitude, the photographs which were then current provided an almost perfect parallel. Purged of all attempts at creative interpretation, reducing their subjects to a flat level of drab mediocrity, obliterating all sense of rhythm by their thoroughly uniform lighting, it was as if their sole intention were to kill or, at any rate, to sterilise these great monuments of the human spirit. Not, in fact, until Sir William Rothenstein began to challenge these conceptions do we meet any lively appreciation of the great aesthetic qualities of Indian carving. 'The sense of form in Indian sculpture', Rothenstein wrote in 1926, 'is its distinguishing feature. Today we look at the *apsara* figures at Sanchi, Badami, and Ellora or at the loveliest of all, the medieval carvings at Kanarak, Bhuvaneshwar, and Khajuraho, and accept them gratefully with the figures of Botticelli's "Primavera" as enchanting manifestations of man's delight in human beauty. I doubt whether anything lovelier has been made by the hand of man than the Indian medieval temples'. Such sentences admirably express the way in which we would nowadays regard these great works of art, and it is a symptom of this altered attitude that in the sphere of photography, Indian sculpture is at last beginning to secure appreciation.

Raymond Burnier, whose work is mainly responsible for this welcome change, is a Frenchman who has lived for many years at Benares, in the heart of Hindu India. His first studies were published as plates to Dr. Stella Kramrisch's monumental work, *The Hindu Temple* (Calcutta University Press, 1946). Since then, further examples of his art have appeared, notably in *Marg*, the foremost art journal in India, and he has now brought out seventy-nine additional studies in a book*, sponsored by Unesco in Paris, and now available in an English edition.

The subjects in this latest volume are taken almost entirely from the tenth- and eleventh-century temples at Khajuraho (though some are also from Bhuvaneshwar) and they accordingly provide an exhilarating introduction to the very sculpture which excited Rothenstein's enthusiasm. In a few cases, the studies are of gods and goddesses whose palpable presence in the temple was needed in order to charge it with sanctity. The great majority of the plates, however, are concerned with two quite other types. The first is known as *mithuna* and depicts a pair of lovers at the height of ecstasy. The appearance

of such a subject in religious architecture needs perhaps a word of explanation for, although western art has often resorted to romantic and even sexual themes, the underlying intention has usually been secular. In India, on the other hand, it is only in very recent times that there has been an emotional shrinkage from sex. In classical Sanskrit poetry, romantic love was valued for the sense of glory it imparted, and, far from being spurned as sinful, the female form was regarded with feelings akin to adoration. Indeed so natural was this attitude that when Sanskrit writers required a symbol for that 'joy of man's desiring', *moksa* or the final union with God, they found the nearest analogy in the union of lovers. 'Just as a man embraced by a beloved woman knows nothing more of a without or a within, so also does the spiritual person of a man embraced by the Spirit know nothing more of a without or a within'. For precisely this reason, therefore—as symbols of the ultimate beatitude—*mithuna* figures were included in the temple. The second type of figure—the *apsara* or celestial beauty—implied a similar rapture at the female form. The figures were described in Sanskrit as 'Attractions' and it was thought that only by first succumbing to their charm—by, as it were, purging the mind through utter satisfaction—could the worshipper reach a state of passionless serenity best suited for communion with the God-head.

Such conceptions underlie the sculpture, and, unless we are to misunderstand its motives, we must constantly bear in mind these fundamental sanctions. But for realising its aesthetic qualities a different approach is necessary, and it is here that M. Burnier makes his greatest contribution. By rigorously excluding all irrelevant background, controlling shadow and using lighting in such a way that everything significant in the design is emphasised, he has produced a set of photographs which are not only beautiful in themselves but are virtually essays in creative appreciation. All the qualities of the sculpture come to life, and we can see how its greatness depends partly on the poised magnificence of these intensely lovely forms, partly on the rhythmical subtlety of their flowing gestures but even more on the all-pervading air of innocence and serenity. Indeed, far from expressing the merely sensual, the figures seem imbued with an exalted, natural nobility. Nothing could be less gross, nothing more beautiful, sublime, or noble than these entrancing creations.

It may be many years before examples of this sculpture are seen again in Europe in the actual stone (a pair of figures were included in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1948); for, even in India, it is only in one or two institutions such as the Municipal Museum, Allahabad, that specimens can be studied away from the original site. The rest is still on the temple faces, where it rises in exuberant profusion. There it is likely to remain and, as a result, it is only by means of artistic translation, of the kind represented by this book, that most of us will ever be able to comprehend its character. That the sculptures, even in photography, should none the less strike us as great works of art is a tribute to Rothenstein's artistic judgment and to Burnier's outstanding qualities as poet, critic, and photographer.



Detail from a *mithuna* sculpture, Khajuraho, tenth century A.D.
From 'Hindu Medieval Sculpture'

* *Hindu Medieval Sculpture*. By Raymond Burnier. La Palme, 1, Rue Beaujon, Paris (Zwemmer £4 10s.)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Structure of Complex Words

By William Empson.

Chatto and Windus. 21s.

PUT IN ITS SIMPLEST FORM, the question Mr. Empson asks is this: how does it come about that one and the same word can take on a variety of meanings? And his answer, also put in the simplest form, is that it does so by means of a logically and historically verifiable structure of usage, implication and mood.

This may sound simple enough: but once one examines the problem in any detail, it is seen to require such an elaborate subtlety of approach that even the initial and purely negative stage of clearing the ground involves a narrow and difficult distinction. It is, however, the easiest part of Mr. Empson's thesis—also, perhaps, the most significant—and it is here that he operates in his most convincing and forthright manner. This first and essential point is simply a reasoned denial that the so-called Emotive use of words is as prominent as it would appear, such a denial being a necessary preface to the subsequent and positive assertion that what are generally taken to be Emotive uses are, in fact, perfectly logical uses, and derive from the association-patterns of the word in question—patterns which are, in turn, deducible from temporal processes, social circumstances, and so forth.

Let us take, as an example, the word 'lust'. Now this word, when it issues from the lips of Mrs. Grundy, has an aura of horror and disgust which may well appear remarkable if we reflect that its adjective, 'lusty', merely conjures up a hearty and unequivocal picture of, say, Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest or Tom Brown fighting Bully Flashman. How does Mrs. Grundy contrive to pack such a wealth of sinister association, such visions of hell-fire and the pox, into its corresponding noun? The common answer, which Mr. Empson of course rejects, is that the word in itself means comparatively little but that Mrs. Grundy's long-accumulated Puritanical rage is responsible, as it were, for pouring the hot lead of emotion into what would otherwise be the mere empty mould of the word. The answer to be distinguished from this, and which Mr. Empson himself supports, is that the word has come to mean what it does in its own right and as the direct result of a discernible process of shifting usage and social development. Thus, it might be said, the word 'lust' could conceivably have been construed at one time so as to correspond exactly with its adjective and to mean nothing more than the healthy heat and excitement which the fight between Tom Brown and Flashman undoubtedly aroused; but shifting social values have led to a condemnation of all duels, prize-fights and whatnot on the ground that they are just as immoral as fornication.

The point has been laboured here (and the imagery, it must in fairness be said, is one's own and not Mr. Empson's) because the distinction, while narrow and elusive, is vital to the thesis of the book. The author then proceeds, having largely debunked the conception of Emotive usage, to elaborate his own ideas about usage as explicable in purely logical terms, and to give some striking illustrations by means of certain words which, set free to roll over the pastures of literature, have gathered mood, often very thickly, of a varied and even exotic kind. His analysis of the use of the word 'fool' in 'King Lear' is a fascinating piece of writing and has the great merit that, quite apart from accounting for the word, it in fact explains a great deal about the philosophy behind the play.

In the last resort, after all, it is the implica-

tions of Mr. Empson's book rather than its actual content from which it derives its value. As he himself explains, those who hold that words can be Emotively rather than logically used are in a splendid position for performing the time-honoured pedagogic feat of divorcing literature from life. They can do this because they can claim that, e.g., a poem of Swinburne's expresses *emotion* but not necessarily a *meaning*. 'The world has grown grey at Thy breath': but if the conventionally-minded are sufficiently impressed with the poets' intelligence and eminence to be worried by this remark, they can always maintain that Swinburne is expressing a deep and powerful *emotion* but does not actually *mean* in so many words that Christianity is to be equated with drabness. The lines, they can say, are without Sense—they have no Cognitive value. It is very like the annotator who remarked that Horace's celebrated 'one hundred cups' only meant a 'vague symbol of hospitality'. But once one adopts Mr. Empson's view of the matter, it is plain that the poet does *mean* something and is not merely using words as vague emotive currency. The schoolmaster, that is, will now have to admit that Horace probably meant something concrete—and also meant to get drunk. For poetry, on Mr. Empson's showing, must always have a direct connection with life. It is concretely and logically based on the words of which it consists, and these in turn are concretely and logically based on the known facts of existence. So that it will now be all too clear that the laughing, brown-eyed hussies who fill, for example, the poetry of Horace are not mere symbols of simple-minded rustic contentment, but are introduced in a more obvious capacity. Mr. Empson, in fact, has justified the poet's right to mean what he says: he has given him permission to step off his pedestal in the lecture-room and press gaily in 'among the rest of the country copulatives'.

The British Co-operative Movement in a Socialist Society. By G. D. H. Cole.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

In 1944, Professor Cole wrote an admirable history of the Co-operative movement. Now, in a slighter book, written at the request of the Fabian Society, he seeks to fit the movement into his idea of a future socialist society.

About a third of the book is devoted to a rapid survey of the past development, changing ideals and future prospects of the Co-operative movement. The general conclusion seems to be that, although modern Co-operation has made enormous progress in membership, trade, manufacturing and capital accumulation in the century or more of its existence, that progress has been mainly in branches of trade and production which cater for the more general needs of consumers, while the development of Co-operative trade in goods which satisfy more varied demands has been much less spectacular. The stage has now been reached at which Co-operative trade has ceased to expand proportionately to retail trade as a whole, and Co-operative Societies' share in the total expenditure of their members is tending to fall.

Professor Cole next proceeds to give a thumbnail sketch of the future socialist society, in which more and more industries and key enterprises will have passed into public ownership under the control of National Boards, while in other basic industries left un-nationalised 'there will be representative Development Boards set up by statute, with wide functions of economic planning and control'. The provision of capital

for investment will have ceased to depend on wealthy individuals, and a large fraction of present industrial capital will have passed into public hands. Thus private enterprise, where it continues to exist, 'will need to be financed largely by advances from public sources'.

It is against this background that Professor Cole proceeds to his main task—the formulation of plans for the democratic 'socialisation' of that part of retail trade which is at present in the hands of large-scale capitalist *entrepreneurs*. He starts from the assumption that the present system is 'grossly wasteful of resources' and results in 'unnecessarily wide margins and inflated retail prices'. After considering various ways in which large-scale capitalist trading concerns might be converted to public control, Professor Cole decides in favour of a plan under which the State, after taking over the private retail undertakings which it had decided to acquire, would convert them to some form of 'mutual' trading, which he desires to see extended 'more widely than seems possible through the existing Co-operative movement'. Professor Cole believes that the present Co-operative movement would be unwilling or unable to absorb the large body of new and involuntary co-operators resulting from this plan, and the State would therefore buy out the share capital and provide the working capital in the form of repayable loans at a fixed rate of interest. The customers would receive dividends on purchases, a part of which would remain in the businesses as share capital, and this would ultimately replace the original loan capital. The process would, however, take a very long time, and in the meantime, the new 'Mutuals' would be State-owned.

It is impossible to do justice to Professor Cole's proposals here, but one feels that he has scarcely done justice to them himself. Why should a complex State-sponsored and State-controlled scheme of involuntary 'co-operation' have any greater promise for the future organisation of retail trade than the present Co-operative movement with over a hundred years of experience behind it? If the existing Co-operative membership can be charged with lack of interest and apathy and its management with lack of enterprise, where are the greater vision and enthusiasm to come from to ensure the successful working of the new plan? What, under a system of State control of retail trading, are to be the checks on inefficiency or the stimulus to enterprising management?

The Co-operative movement will scarcely be enthusiastic about a scheme which seeks to establish on a national scale a rival system offering co-operative advantages to consumers without the corresponding responsibilities. Nor will it welcome the idea of increasing State control over wholesaling operations. The conflict of principle between State control and consumer control through voluntary co-operation is not resolved; and the emphasis placed upon the need for a considerable development of Producers' Co-operative Societies in certain fields of enterprise introduces yet another complication from the standpoint of Consumers' Co-operation.

Florence. By Edmund-René Labande. Nicholas Kaye. 18s.

Karl Baedeker started work in 1827, Ruskin some fifteen years later, and one may wonder just how many intrepid writers have followed in their rather overworn steps. Baedeker's asterisked and exhaustive style wears uncommonly well, the mornings and walks and wanderings rather less

so: evidently there is always room for new variants. M. Labande, although he undoubtedly takes us for brisk sight-seeing walks in Florence, and although we are promised similar treats in Rome, Paris, and London, is careful to point out in a cosy preface that this is not, 'strictly speaking', a guide book, nor does it 'pretend to be an exhaustive treatise'.

With what, then, is a poor critic left? Certainly with a superbly-produced book, containing some 150 admirable pictures which—although many, inevitably, are familiar—would cost a good deal more than the price of the volume to buy separately. Among them the text winds modestly and, at times, oddly. M. Labande, for instance, tells us that 'the universal interest in masculine psychology originally aroused by Proust' will enable us to appreciate two portraits of gentlemen by Titian in the Pitti. He also places what he rightly calls the 'ugly triumphal arch' on the wrong side of the Piazza della Repubblica—an odd error for one who presumably knows Florence well—and, while indulging in a sudden gust of personal reminiscence about the splendours of the pre-war Maggio Musicale and theatrical displays in the Boboli Gardens, seems to imply that such things are no more. The Commune of Florence could, and indeed probably will, provide him with adequate and indignant proof of his mistake. But perhaps one should not cavil at such trifling matters, especially as the French text has been not only translated but also 'adapted' by Janet Hamilton. The translation reads well enough, but a reference to 'we' English and Americans and 'our' gardens suggests that 'adaptation' may perhaps have travelled far from M. Labande. For the rest, this is a pleasant book to handle and an easy one to read. It sets out in clear type just such information as the four- or five-day tourist may assimilate without undue effort and afterwards retail with every appearance of culture.

The Drawings of Francesco Guardi

By J. Byam-Shaw. Faber. 27s. 6d.

Mr. James Byam-Shaw's *Drawings of Francesco Guardi* is the second of a series of volumes on the drawings of the Old Masters issued under the general editorship of Dr. K. T. Parker. Consisting of an introduction, a catalogue and eighty plates, it reproduces many unfamiliar drawings and makes available a wealth of new material. The association of Dr. Parker with the series is in itself a guarantee that the level of scholarship maintained will be uniformly high, and if later books (among which will be studies of the drawings of Fuseli and Richard Wilson) reach the standard of that now issued, the publishers will deserve the gratitude of all those interested in this field.

Despite an extensive literature, Francesco Guardi is a mysterious artist. Born in 1712, he seems to have been trained in the studio of his brother Gianantonio, and practised initially as a religious and decorative painter. But after his brother's death in 1760 (or, according to the cogent arguments of Mr. Byam-Shaw, a few

years before this time), he transferred his allegiance to Canaletto. It is a moot point whether or not he actually worked in Canaletto's studio (though there is some contemporary evidence that he may have done so), but he rapidly developed an individual style so vivid and so fresh that it has come to exercise a greater influence than that of any other painter on our view of Venice and her topography. There is abundant proof that in his lifetime Guardi's



S. Cristoforo di Murano, by Francesco Guardi (Museum, Dijon)

From 'The Drawings of Francesco Guardi'

reputation remained well below that of Canaletto, and today it is a little puzzling to know precisely what effect his brilliant impressionism can have made on his contemporaries. For us the two great *vedutisti* inhabit different worlds, since Guardi, though a more agile and in some respects less serious artist than Canaletto, broaches the problems of atmosphere and light which were to occupy painters throughout the nineteenth century.

The central differences between the visions of Guardi and Canaletto appear clearly enough in their graphic styles. Canaletto's drawings, despite the irregular hatching of the sky and the uneven strokes with which water is indicated, evince comparatively little interest in local appearances, whereas Guardi, with an infinitely greater range of technical accomplishment, is concerned not only with the enduring, but also with the evanescent aspects of each scene. This is reflected both in subject matter (as in the incomparably vital drawings of the fire at San Marcuola, now in the Metropolitan Museum and the Correr Library at Venice), and in treatment (as in the beautiful panorama from the Bacino di San Marco in the collection of Lady Catherine Ashburnham, in which the interest is independent of topography).

It is also responsible for the importance accorded to the human figure throughout Guardi's work. In the routine drawings (and not many of these have found their way into this selection) the foreground figures remain the calligraphic formulae that they had been with Canaletto, but in the finest sheets they assume a new and unexpected significance, and in drawings like that for the painting of 'The Ascent of a Balloon from the Giudecca' in Berlin are put to rich imaginative use. In these sheets we are reminded that the Guardi of the figure studies

was a contemporary of the Goya of the 'Cucaña'.

Mr. Byam-Shaw follows the widely accepted sub-division of Guardi's drawings into the five categories of drawings for religious, historical and mythological paintings, Venetian scenes, the figure drawings or *macchiette* made in connection with these, and the free inventions known as *capricci*, some predominantly of landscape interest, other predominantly architectural. Of these the first category is the least personal and

the second the most extensive, including as it does drawings so diverse as the splendid sketch of the Campo SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Budapest and the extensive view of the Villa Loredan in the Metropolitan Museum. In his concluding chapter Mr. Byam-Shaw throws a somewhat unfashionable emphasis on the historical significance of the *capricci* in the context of Guardi's work, and suggests that in these compositions 'Guardi, more than Canaletto, found the type of subject which... pleased him most; in which, of course, his aims are entirely opposed to those of the nineteenth-century Impressionists, though his outward vision, and his method, are not much different to theirs'. The arrangement of the plates adheres to the categories adopted in the text. In the case of an artist whose chronology is so uncertain as that of Guardi, this is no doubt preferable to a tentative arrangement

by date, but it has the disadvantage that the loosening of Guardi's penmanship in the late drawings (in which, in Mr. Byam-Shaw's words, 'the pen seems to flutter over the paper like a winged insect hardly confined to earth, and produces by its very inconstancy a magical effect of light and air') is not fully brought out.

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COUNTRY AND TRAVEL

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COUNTRY AND TRAVEL

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Books of Kings, was written in Quiché, a branch of the Maya speech, using European characters. In the eighteenth century a learned Dominican priest, Father Francisco Jimenez, engaged in missionary activity among the Quiché, discovered the manuscript and transcribed and translated it.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Carl Scherzer and the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg discovered Jimenez' manuscript in the University Library in San Carlos, and both published it, the former in Spanish and the latter in French. Various subsequent translations have been made but never until now a complete and accurate translation into English. The present edition owes its inception in the first place to Adrian Recinos, and in the second to that expert on the Maya the late Sylvanus Griswold Morley. Recinos, with the advantages of comparative material, with expert knowledge of the Quiché language and modern archaeological data, produced a new translation with the most comprehensive series of notes, and a scholarly introduction which surveys all the known literature of the early post-Conquest period and analyses critically the previous translations. Sylvanus Morley and Delia Goetz were responsible for the translation of Recinos' work into English.

With regard to the content of the Popol Vuh, there is an account of the Creation, which, while it shows some signs of contamination by Christian teaching, is essentially Maya in feeling. Man was created to satisfy a need felt by the Creators for worship, but the early attempts proved abortive. Since animals disappointed the Creators by their inability to speak coherently, they made man out of mud, but he disintegrated, then they tried wood, but this generation proved recalcitrant, so they finally made man out of a paste of maize, the sacred and staple food of Middle America. This final experiment was successful. A large part of the text deals with the adventures of the culture heroes, who were summoned to the underworld, Xibalba, because the noise of their incessant ball playing incensed the lords of that region, but overthrew them after many trials and competitions.

Historically the great interest is in the wanderings of the people from the ancient Tulan in company with the Toltecs, the 'Sacrificers', and their clashes with the Nonoualcate, or Olmecs, the mystery people of Central America. This view of an early association with Toltec peoples is strikingly supported by recent excavations at Kaminaljuyu, where pottery from Teotihuacan has been found beside Maya pottery indicating a connection between these distant centres. There is also an account of a mission of Qocai and two fellow rulers to pay homage to Quetzalcoatl, the almost legendary leader of the Toltecs in far off Yucatan which bears witness to the widespread nature of the Toltec Civilisation in later times. The serious student will find the book of great value, but he will be confused and hindered by the unfamiliar, and often unidentifiable, place names. He will however be compensated by the charm of Quiché legends and the graceful construction of the Quiché language which all the translators have been at great pains to preserve.

Scientists at War

By Wilfrid Eggleston. Oxford. 28s.

This book should properly be entitled *Canadian Scientists at War*. It is not just one more book on what the scientists achieved in World War II. It is confined entirely to Canada and Canadian scientists. The author is a Canadian. He is concerned only with the scientific work of that country. The book is printed in Canada and its sterling price, alas, is a reminder of how many shillings are now needed to buy a dollar.

Mr. Eggleston has an impressive story to

relate and he tells it well. Canadians on this side, interested in what science did towards winning the war, should endeavour to see this book. It is a book that will make them proud of their countrymen. Its appeal to the ordinary British reader is necessarily limited, but to him it will be an eye-opener as to what Canada did and can do when organised and resolute. It may be that some day the scientific achievement of Canada will out-distance our own. That day, is not, of course, yet, but should it ever come it will be said that the initial impetus thereto arose in 1939 in the organisation and far-sightedness of the Canadian National Research Council in relating means to ends.

Canada's greatest contribution to the scientific war effort was in the sphere of nuclear physics—most appropriately it may be said, seeing that it was in Montreal at the beginning of the century that Rutherford, Soddy and Hahn made the fundamental discoveries that later led to 'nuclear fission' and the tapping of the great energy located in the centre of the atom. The story of the atomic energy plant at Chalk River is well told here. Canadians also made advances of great consequence in less spectacular fields, in medicine and in the processing of food, for instance, in radar, in the invention of the super-explosive RDX and of the ingenious 'proximity' fuse in artillery, in aerial photography and in many other ways. The energy, resource and originality in all of this work was of a high order, and the amount of the achievement as well as its quality may come as a surprise to many readers on this side. Today the men and women working on these problems are ten times as numerous as they were in 1939 (and ten is a large factor when it refers to personnel), but the Universities and Technical Colleges of the Dominion are able to supply this demand. This book will confirm for many the view of British scientists who have co-operated with Canadian that the work both in pure science and in technical adaptation in Canada is in excellent hands. It is, in fact, in quality as good there as it is in England or in the United States, and that is high praise. Here we learn about the part it played in the war, but we gather also that it promises a bright future.

A Guide to the Records at Guildhall, London. By Philip E. Jones and Raymond Smith

English Universities Press. 20s.

The history of the City of London, so essential a part of English history, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is largely unwritten. Those who have touched it have generally been—like R. R. Sharpe—its own officials or members, enjoying thereby a privileged familiarity with its archives. For hitherto these archives, so copious, so essential, but so discontinuous, have been ill-catalogued and therefore difficult of access to outside students: there has been nothing to compare with Giuseppe's tempting *Guide to the Public Records*, until the present publication, which supplies an important gap in the library of research.

The discontinuity of the City records is unfortunate, but a part of history. The medieval library at Guildhall was dispersed by the Protector of Somerset in 1550 and only one manuscript from it is now known to survive; the Great Fire of London in 1666 and a lesser fire in the City Chamber in 1778 destroyed numerous civic documents; and Guildhall itself was disastrously bombed by the Germans in 1940. Inevitably the gaps in the archives thus caused are great and grievous. Nevertheless, the remainder bear witness to an extraordinary history. In this most useful volume Mr. Philip E. Jones, Deputy Keeper of the Corporation

Records, has catalogued the documents in the Corporation Records Office, illustrating the administrative, legal and financial activities of the Corporation, and Mr. Raymond Smith, Librarian to the Corporation, has catalogued the parish, ward and company archives, and other incidental documents now in the Muniments Room of the Guildhall Library.

The result is not, of course, a work of literature: 'No attempt', says Mr. Jones firmly, 'has been made to provide attractive reading'; but it is an invaluable catalogue, a key to the rich treasures which historians have so seldom used. Here the historian may quickly learn whether the Minute Books, the Journals, the Registers or the Remembrancia for this or that century survive and may pursue his evidence in the parish registers or the records of the City companies; here even the casual reader may observe the vast operations of the City government in administering justice, managing property, regulating business, and financing government; and those who delight in details can note, in different centuries, the cost of banquets, the order of pageantry, the entertainment of royalty; they may observe the constitution of the committee on Nelson's funeral and note the payments to Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding the parish churches after the Great Fire. Perhaps the compilers may be right: perhaps, as methodical classifiers and cataloguers whose first duty is to researchers, they have made no concessions to the general reader—if the general reader has no imagination. But if he has, he will be able to reconstruct from these details a picture of a great administrative and financial engine at work. As for historians, when they turn at last to that splendid but undeveloped subject, the history of the City of London, one of the first debts they will acknowledge will be to the indispensable work of Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones.

The Prospect Before Us

By John Dos Passos. Lehmann. 15s.

Mr. Dos Passos surveys the prospect first in Britain and then in South America, from Brazil to Argentina and Peru. In the southern continent he was aroused, not to say excited, by the explosive changes wrought by the impact of technology and world trade upon countries medieval in structure and with a foundation of immeasurable poverty. In Brazil, for instance, he noted the vast deposits of iron ore now being exploited and the vigour with which, on a central plateau, a large *Colonia agricola* is driven forward, no idlers being tolerated. Mr. Dos Passos, of course, is first of all a novelist. Naturally, therefore, it is in Argentina that his sense of drama has the fullest play. President Perón and his Señora furnish abundant material for the study of extraordinary methods that are altogether unlike those worked out by any European dictator.

In Britain, through which Mr. Dos Passos went like a breeze, he was impressed, like all recent visitors, with the coolness and good temper of the common folk under post-war conditions. His incessant queries dealt mostly with their opinions of the Welfare State and its services. His talent for the lively reporting of conversation is obvious enough, but American readers will not be helped out of their mistaken notions of present-day actualities by casual replies from grumblers who were not subject to correction in detail. Mr. Dos Passos has chosen an odd way of combining narrative with a discussion of social trends and dangers. He invents a lecturer's question-period at the end of his chapters. This trick enables him to play with a little group of objectors, but it is not likely that his rivals will welcome it as a device to be adopted in books of mingled travel and criticism.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Your tiny face is frozen

'LA BOHÈME' IS AN OPERA which even television critics know and with which the British public has made gratifying strides—I recently heard a Scots girls' choir win a prize with 'Che gelida' in four-part harmony. Unlike 'The School for Fathers', which I daresay produced a bumper crop of 'If I ran the B.B.C.' letters, pointing out that opera and culture generally were *not* welcome, 'La Bohème' may be considered popular entertainment, worthy of screen space beside baking displays or strip-tease, and one which would even keep the television audience attending even if vision failed momentarily or altogether. Which brings me abruptly to the crucial question: how much would it matter if vision failed; how much does one want to *see* of opera (as opposed to ballet, with its primal demand on the eye and its special television problem)? The screen (cinema or television) asks you not merely to *watch* opera, which is what you do in the theatre, with ears doing all the work, eyes doing the minimum—the screen asks you to *scrutinise* opera, thereby imposing on it, and you, a strain nature in her wisdom never envisaged!

We may think we are enjoying opera with two senses at once; in fact, experiment will prove that you use first eye, then ear, and so on. To use both simultaneously, at full pressure, is exhausting (witness the insistent visual demands of that 'Hoffmann' film); as well try to enjoy a cigar while sucking a bull's-eye, if I may change my similes—and organs. Thus, one is forced to stare rudely where normally the eye

would give a swift checking glance and then retire—from the sight (say) of the tenor blowing himself up for the C at 'dolce speranza'; and indeed we did avert the eye, or rather, had it averted for us at that moment by the tactful Mr. Foa (a dab at this game), who switched us

Here too (and here almost only, I must add) was I touched by this most affecting little piece. Was this because I am something blasé after two hundred odd 'Bohèmes' in a lifetime of operatics? I think not. To be sure, musically the performance was seldom very distinguished, but I have cried my eyes out at 'Bohèmes' hardly worse sung than this. No, it was that there was a complete lack of . . . what is the acceptable term? the technical name is, I think, 'binge'. Partly because of the conditions (*i.e.* singers and orchestra separated not visible to each other, singers cramped, and anxious), partly from some artistic misconception in trying to reduce Puccini to chamber dimensions—he sounds tea-shoppo if you scale him down too much—for many other reasons I could adduce, had I space (not least that deadly translation), the performance sounded to me fatally cautious and genteel. And when that is said, I still think it an experiment very, very well worth making and an earnest of what may still be possible. I suppose we shall hear more of the little Mimi (Lilly Stanley) who often phrased prettily.

In 'Rhapsody' the next night, by the way, the singing especially had plenty of 'binge', so I suspect that this defect was essentially a televised operatic deficiency.

I lack space this week to tackle any of the major aesthetic problems of televised ballet and shall limit myself to saying that while the 'Grand Pas Classique' of the Champs Elysées programme came off triumphantly, communicating the excitement of virtuosity just like good boxing or tennis to a keen eye in the dress circle, those other ballets which attempted 'atmosphere' (*e.g.*

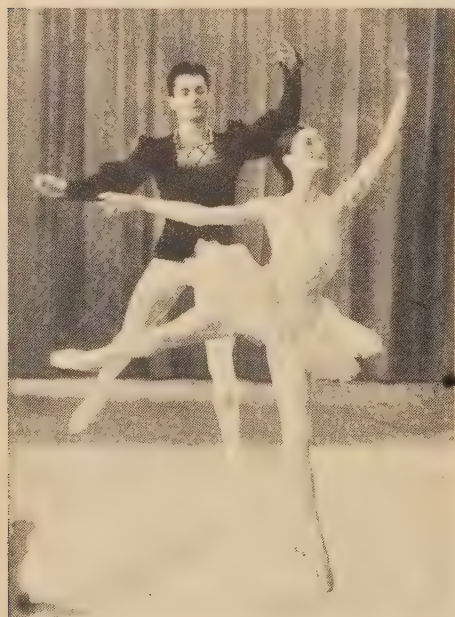


Scene from J. B. Priestley's 'Treasure on Pelican' on September 2. Left to right: Clive Morton as Commander Dudley Trout, Roger Snowdon as Bert Simpson, Basil Sydney as Sir Gilbert Rutland, Julien Mitchell as Horace Logan, Barbara Couper as Yvonne Trout, Barbara Kelly as Roberta Croy and Eileen Beldon as Edith Parsons.

from tenor's midriff to Mimi's simpering smile at the crucial moment; she was a pretty Mimi, but that is not the point.

However, these evasions also occur in filmed as in televised opera, and in the main this production struck me as splendid in its refusal to add a spurious visual counterpoint to Puccini's score by shifting artfully from one angle of vision to another, which may be the art of cinema but is a stunning bore in televised opera and only permissible in televised ballet if a man who knows about ballet (like Philip Bate) is on the job—with the Champs Elysées company. Our producer did what was necessary to relieve the flat monochrome of the television picture and only once did I rise with a cry of 'Woa, Foa!'—at the first arrival of Mimi, where Puccini, you remember, introduces his heroine as a *voice* heard 'off' (off-stage that is, not off key) whereas at Lime Grove studio, at the first whisper of her theme in the orchestra, out we popped on to the staircase to watch the young person coughing her way up to her attic. This did not improve on Puccini.

The scenes *à deux* came off best. Even where Puccini had planned for the singers to be separated by the width of the San Carlo stage, and we saw them instead yelling at one another seated back to back, ludicrousness was somehow avoided, and if the crowd scenes were no better than a *finale* in a bank-staff operatic society's, they were no worse. The best was the death scene, from 'Sono andati' onwards where genuine pathos as well as intimacy was achieved, and at least one visual image—of Mimi's hand clutching her lover's sleeve—seemed to me to add a really significant, as opposed to a merely informative, gloss.



'Les Ballets des Champs Elysées': Jacqueline Moreau and Wladimir Skouratoff in 'Pas Classique'



'La Bohème': the death scene, with Kenneth Neate as Rudolph and Lilly Stanley as Mimi

the enchanting 'Les Forains') were a total loss, largely because Bérard's lovely set means nothing whatever in terms of monochrome television.

And I have even less space for drama; Jimmy Edwards in an R.A.F. jape, Megs Jenkins in 'Dark Summer', Thora Hird in Malleson's Turgenev transcription, are remembered with gratitude; some other performances are no less gratefully forgotten. One cannot but observe, on passing over from 'sound' drama, that while in television the opportunities for giving a good performance are somewhat enlarged, those for giving a really bad one are magnified prodigiously.

H. E. Bates' 'Day of Glory', familiar to sound listeners, came up topically enough on R.A.F. Sunday; I still think Bates' gift is lyrical and narrative rather than dramatic—and how odd an aristocratic family is this which keeps a butler and where the daughter of the house says 'Pardon?' to the telephone! 'Treasure on Pelican' was a good idea, less tautly exploited than you might have expected from the author of 'Dangerous Corner'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

In Other Words

DURING THE FIRST ACT of 'Ghosts' (Home Service) I thought I heard Mrs. Alving say to Manders—about her ex-maidservant—'She had a child later'. Surprised, I looked at the version on my shelf (Farquharson Sharp's): 'And that intimacy had consequences, Mr. Manders'. As the play continued I knew that Lance Sieveking had removed 'Ghosts' from its desk at the Circumlocution Office, Mr. Sieveking's version is 'based on William Archer's', but, I imagine, freely based. Certainly, compared with Sharp's translation (1911), this is Ibsen's play with layers of cotton-wool ripped off. Thus, instead of 'doctrine of that kind' we have 'wicked nonsense'. Sieveking makes Engstrand say 'The newspapers won't half go for you', where Sharp has 'The newspapers won't be very kind to your reverence, I expect'. Elsewhere, Mrs. Alving says bluntly to Oswald, 'Regina is your sister'. And so on. Certainly this freedom of speech helped the play.

It should have helped the performance, as well, for it is teasing to act on stilts. (I missed a line that Sharp translated, alarmingly, as 'Come with me, you hussy! You shall be as cosy as the yolk in an egg'). But the cast was disappointing until the last half-hour. Then Ronald Simpson got spirit into his Manders, who had been all too mild; and, later, Grizelda Hervey and John Cazabon suddenly found the chilling horror of the scene. Miss Hervey did not over-gasp it, over-mouth as so many Mrs. Alvings do, and Mr. Cazabon let his 'Mother-give-me-the-sun' trail into an infinite desolation. This was imaginative: it atoned for earlier sagging, for a syrupy Regina and a too-obvious Engstrand. The last act of 'Ghosts' is a terror; but it must always freeze us if acted with any sort of efficiency and if the cast does not run for it in a frightened 'Exit, pursued by bear'. In this revival, and happily, there was no flight.

It was a joy to return (in the Third Programme) to Edward Sackville-West's 'The Rescue', the melodrama of two days of the *Odyssey* that is Homer in-other-words. I admired again the clear definition of the characters. Everybody, thanks to author and actors, was a personage, though in such a party as this one might well have had to say (in the words of James Smith):

Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowds shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

Nothing like that in 'The Rescue'. It is quick,

exciting, subtly-judged. Sackville-West's prose and Britten's music are complementary, not quarrelsome; and—some minor harshness apart—the cast spoke with a feeling for character and the texture of the lines. Besides James McKechnie's Odysseus and Rachel Gurney's Penelope I noticed in particular the Phemius of Leon Quartermaine, who turns any phrase to music and who never shrinks from pronouncing the vowel 'o'. The producer was Raymond Raikes.

Like 'Ghosts', Joan Brampton's 'Matters Arising' (Home) is, in effect, the last part of a play begun much earlier. There resemblance dies. This—adapted for broadcasting by Charles Spencer—is the tale of a woman who has been suspected wrongly of murder and who finds her past clouding the present. It is a mechanical, contrivance in which language matters little; indeed, there is not a phrase to remember when the set is switched off. Still, a few implausibilities aside, it is useful anagram-drama. Barbara Lott and Leslie Perrins spoke forcibly, and Winifred Oughton endowed an orphanage matron with a kind of spiralling, waterspout-voice that made one sympathise with her staff.

'How have you been enjoying your stay? And don't make me sorry I asked you!' said Tallulah Bankhead to someone in the Anglo-American Variety bill, 'The Big Show' (Light). We were glad to hear that sultry, smoky voice again. With Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie, and a constellation, all should have been safe. Alas, we needed other words. Silence is the only reasonable answer to the ninety minutes' script evolved by a platoon of writers, though, in fairness, a studio-audience (one that seemed to pack the Palladium) thought otherwise.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Foreigners

'DON'T JUDGE OTHERS by yourself' is advice I frequently received at an age when it was impossible to do otherwise for lack of external data, and the Eskimos, I gather from J. M. Scott, are in a similar position. Their name for themselves is 'The People', for the rest of us 'the people who come from the south', and they fail to grasp how we can understand one another when we do not speak Eskimo. To us southerners such reasoning sounds a trifle elementary, and yet there is much of the Eskimo in all of us. I remember being amazed, many years ago in Siena, to hear a parrot speak fluent Italian, and, to this day, I am surprised when continental dogs and cats respond to orders and endearments in foreign languages. Perhaps in the case of animals the mistake is pardonable, but I have also detected in myself the unconscious belief that all foreign children speak English until they learn their native language at school. No wonder, then, that our statesmen and soldiers find it difficult to understand the Russians and Chinese, and theirs us. Mr. Scott, in his talk, 'As the Eskimo Sees Us', gave some amusing and enlightening examples of the Eskimo's bewilderment at our habits and conditions of life—at a block of flats, for instance. Why do we build our igloos one on top of the other? It was a talk that set the mind running along a variety of amusing byways.

The same evening William Plomer, in his talk 'More Foreign than Before', focussed the question of foreignness even more sharply by quoting the story of the Englishman in China who, when reminded that he was a foreigner, replied: 'A foreigner? No! I am British'. I refrain from defining his talk as a sermon, an excellent sermon, because the word sermon, through no fault of its own, has in the course of centuries accumulated associations of boredom and physical discomfort, whereas Mr. Plomer's talk

was a delightful blend of wisdom and entertainment. It is not his fault but mine that I have already forgotten what he told us about ourselves, but I still feel the better for the warmth and humanity of what he said and the way he said it.

To assert that in broadcasting what is said is less important than the way it is said would land the critic in a dangerous philosophical quandary, but every listener must have heard talks in which he seemed to detect matter of extraordinary interest which he was unable to swallow, much less digest, because of the incapable distraction of a deplorable delivery, whereas eloquent talking, whether serious or comic, can get away with almost anything. For me an Irish accent is so attractive that I am hard put to it to criticise soberly what is being put across on me. Would I, for instance, have enjoyed quite so much the readings from Paul Henry's *An Irish Portrait* if Joseph Tomelty had read them in R.P. (or, to put it plainly, plain English), instead of the slightly foreign tongue which he uses so well? *An Irish Portrait* has a dreamy, unobtrusive charm about it; it is the work of a sensitive writer with a subtly observant eye, but has it, or has it not, enough kick in it to be classed higher than 'small beer'? Small beer, gentle reader, can be very refreshing, but I would have to read the text for myself to pronounce definitely on the alcoholic content of this prose which, as read by Mr. Tomelty rather late at night, I found singularly soothing.

Pat on the centenary of the death of the transatlantic novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, P. H. Newby in 'The Sea and The Savage' analysed the peculiar quality of Cooper's tales. He does this kind of thing extremely well, talking as if he were, then and there, in process of exploring his theme and quietly disclosing his discoveries to a friendly microphone.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Stravinsky's Progress

IF ANYONE HAD TOLD US forty years ago when we were just falling under the spell of Mme. Karavina's Fire-bird, that we should be listening last week to an English opera from the pen of the brilliant young Russian composer at the Fenice Opera House in Venice, what incredulous heads we should have shaken! The event is a witness to the strange state of our affairs. Stravinsky, as he elects to call himself in deference to the German practice which seems to regulate musical terminology in his adopted country, had long ceased to be a Russian composer in the sense that he was when he wrote 'Petrushka'. He became in exile a cosmopolitan with French affiliations, in this respect resembling Picasso, and, like the painter, rising above the level of provincialism in virtue of his original genius. He is not yet an American composer.

All through the changing phases of his outward manner one feature remains constant in Stravinsky's music—his classical preoccupation with style. He painted the pathos of *Petrushka* and the emotions of the elected victim in 'Le Sacre' with unromantic aloofness, standing back from his subject, distantangling his personal feelings from it; and he brings exactly the same attitude to the depiction of poor Anne Trulove in the new opera. This does not mean that he fails to convey to his audience the emotional force of these dramatic situations. On the contrary, they gain in poignancy from the objectivity with which they are presented. Who has not wept for *Petrushka's* broken heart, for all that it is only wooden?

The style of 'The Rake's Progress' is in keeping with Stravinsky's nature as a composer. He does not adopt the forms of eighteenth-

century music as a fancy dress, like a man dressing up as Beau Brummell to go to a ball. He has found that these forms give him the sort of mould which serves his purpose best. So we get an enchanting work, by turns grotesque and humorous and touching, like the 'Dumbarton Oaks' concerto, of which Boyd Neel conducted a performance last week. This is pure entertainment-music, and in that also subscribing to the eighteenth-century view of music's chief function.

'The Rake's Progress', too, is entertaining and seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the audience (lucky people!) in the lovely Fenice Opera House—was it garlanded with roses as for Toscanini's Gala two years ago? The opera has a first-rate

libretto, so far as the structure goes; of the actual words too few were audible to make judgment on detail possible. I will only say that such extracts as I have seen in print, for instance Rakewell's air in Mother Goose's brothel, seem admirably designed to present an emotional situation without too much particularity, and so make a good starting point for music. On the other hand, I am somewhat aghast at the reasons which Mr. Auden has given for preferring as an opera 'The Barber of Seville' to 'The Marriage of Figaro', namely that Mozart's Figaro is too interesting a character—which is precisely the reason most of us would give for saying that Mozart's is the greater opera.

It must be confessed that the characters in

'The Rake's Progress' do not greatly engage our interest, excepting Anne and, as a grotesque, Baba, the bearded woman of the fair-booths, a part nobly sung by Jennie Tourel with abundant gusto. Whatever doubts one may have about the rest, Anne's music is certainly most lovely, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sang it beautifully—an obviously first-rate performance. As to the opera as a whole, I beg leave to suspend judgment until I have heard it again, and, if possible as I hope, seen it. Much of it, I must confess, seemed dull as music to listen to at home, with insufficiently seizing melodic interest to fill out the aria-form and to bring the characters fully to life.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Verdi and Shakespeare

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

A recording of Verdi's 'Macbeth' at the Teatro Comunale, Florence, will be broadcast in the Third Programme on Friday, September 28, at 6.55 p.m.

ONE of the remarkable features of Verdi's genius, viewed in the light of his rudimentary education, was his intuitive perception of the measure of greatness in the art of such men as Shakespeare and Michelangelo, Palestrina and Beethoven. He did not, perhaps, ever appreciate the full measure of Shakespeare's greatness, for the simple reason that he read him in translation. But the nineteenth century took a different view of Shakespeare's plays from that in fashion today. It was the drama, not to say the melodrama, that was admired, and the poetry was but an adjunct to the stirring, romantic action. It was this aspect of Shakespeare that appealed to Verdi, and he avowed that only the difficulty of reducing the changes of scene to a practicable number for opera prevented him from resorting more often to Shakespeare for his librettos.

Four Shakespearean projects occupied Verdi's attention over a period of fifty years, though only three were completed. As early as 1843 he was considering as a possible subject, 'King Lear', and in 1893 'Falstaff' was given for the first time at the Scala Theatre. 'King Lear' fascinated him for many years. He sketched out a libretto for Cammarano, the librettist of 'La Battaglia di Legnano' and 'Il Trovatore', and, when Cammarano died, discussed the project at length with Antonio Somma, who wrote the libretto of 'Un Ballo in Maschera'. A good deal of music was even composed and, when the idea was for various reasons abandoned, some of this music was absorbed into 'Un Ballo'.

Verdi was presumably attracted by the father-daughter theme, which occurs so frequently in his earlier operas, in 'Nabucco' and 'Luisa Miller', and later in 'Rigoletto' and the first scene of 'La Forza del Destino'. Perhaps we may be glad that the operatic 'King Lear' did not materialise, at any rate in the eighteen-sixties. At that date Verdi's style could hardly have matched the tremendous theme of Lear's tragedy. A realisation of his inadequacy is possibly the real explanation of his abandonment of this long-cherished project.

Meanwhile, he had in 1847 composed 'Macbeth'. Here was a drama much more readily adaptable to the conventions of nineteenth-century opera. Verdi himself made the adaptation in prose and sent it to the obedient Piave to turn into verse. The composer has seldom been given full credit for his share in the shaping of the opera-books he set. Even 'Otello', in which he had the collaboration of a distinguished poet and composer, Arrigo Boito,

owes its definitive form to Verdi's own ideas. The correspondence between the composer and the poet, published shortly before the war in Luzio's *Carteggi Verdiani*, revealed that the last act in 'Otello', which may claim to be, from every point of view, musical and dramatic, the finest single act in any tragic opera, owes its form as we know it to a complete refashioning by Verdi of the librettist's original sketch. Fortunately Boito was not proud, and accepted the proposed alterations.

So in 'Macbeth' all the essentials of the excellent libretto were worked out by Verdi. The only flaws that may be found in it are the facts that Duncan has nothing to sing, that the subsidiary characters, like Macduff and Malcolm, are too summarily sketched, and that his murder follows so quickly upon Duncan's arrival at Macbeth's castle that he hardly has time to get to bed before it is over. A break in the action by dropping the curtain for a moment is an easy remedy for this characteristic lapse due to Verdi's wish to get on quickly without wasting time on inessentials.

How deeply Verdi entered into Shakespeare's conception, especially of the character of Lady Macbeth who is the dominating figure in the opera, is shown in a letter written by the composer to Cammarano when the opera was to be revived at the San Carlo Theatre. 'This opera', he wrote, 'interests me more than any other, and I ask you to allow me to make a few remarks about it. Mme. Tadolini is, I believe, to sing Lady Macbeth, and I am astonished that she should have undertaken this part. . . . Mme. Tadolini has a beautiful face and looks good, and I would have Lady Macbeth ugly and wicked. Mme. Tadolini sings to perfection, and I would not have Lady Macbeth sing at all. . . . Lady Macbeth's voice should be hard, stifled and dark. . . . the voice of a devil (and not like Mme. Tadolini's the voice of an angel)'.

He further calls attention to the supreme importance of the duet between Macbeth and his wife and of the sleep-walking scene, which must not be sung but declaimed 'in veiled and gloomy tones'. The *gran scena del sonnambulismo* completely belies the suggestion of conventionality in its quaint title. Verdi set the Shakespearean text as it stands, with the comments of the doctor and lady-in-waiting, whose presence as spectators adds to the sense of tragedy, and clothed it with music of such poignancy and dramatic veracity, that this scene must be rated among the finest in all Verdi's operas. The orchestral accompaniment with its pathetic wailing figure and imaginative suggestion of Lady

Macbeth's rubbing out the stain on her hands is a miracle of aptness, all the more astonishing at this early date in Verdi's career.

The opera was considerably revised for a revival in Paris in 1865. It is this later version, with its ballet-music for the witches in Act III, that is to be broadcast next week. The ballet-music, incidentally, is not so poor in musical quality as one had been led to suppose, though the witches' music generally conforms too closely to Verdi's usual convention for ecclesiastical scenes. They answer Macbeth's questioning in much the same tones as the priests use in other operas. The scene of the apparitions, on the other hand, which was refashioned in the revision, is a magnificent piece of imaginative music. Verdi gave explicit instructions about the production of this scene, based on a performance (presumably of Shakespeare's play) which he had seen in London. He took special pains about the music which accompanies the procession of Banquo's royal progeny, which is scored for two oboes, six clarinets, two bassoons and double-bassoon, and, 'should be played under the stage beneath an open trap-door'. Properly executed the effect is eerie and 'majestical', a perfect translation into music of the feeling of Shakespeare's ghost scenes.

The other chief features of the revised version are Lady Macbeth's aria 'La luce langue', which replaced a conventional cabaletta in the original, and the chorus of Scottish exiles in Act IV, which is perhaps the finest example of the 'nostalgic' chorus whose prototype is the famous 'Va pensiero' in 'Nabucco'.

There are, as in all Verdi's earlier operas, some weak pages in the score. But curiously enough some of these weaknesses can be turned to good account. The queer little march which accompanies Duncan's entry with music such as Verdi might have heard played by the Busetto town-band, can produce by its very quaintness a feeling of sinister foreboding, and, rightly sung, Lady Macbeth's *brindisi* in the banquet-scene can strike exactly the right note of hectic excitement, especially when she raises her glass to toast the absent Banquo after Macbeth's first vision of his ghost.

But whatever weaknesses appear are of little account beside the splendid finale which follows the discovery of Duncan's murder, the dramatic break-up of the banquet-scene, and those two passages which Verdi rightly picked out as the most important in the opera—the duet before the murder and the sleep-walking scene. In these the poetry of Shakespeare is reincarnated in music.



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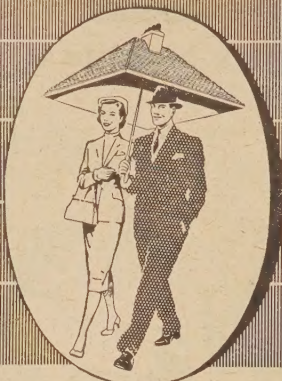
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Suggestions for the Housewife

PRESERVING LEATHER

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* * *

To preserve leather bags and suitcases, wash occasionally with leather soap. When dry, polish with white shoe cream.

RUTH DREW

SOUP AS A MAIN DISH

This is a vegetable soup made without bones, meat, or stock. It can be made into a complete main dish by the addition of tiny dumplings, or grated cheese. Here are the ingredients for four people:

- 1/2 lb. of tomatoes or 1 small tin of tomatoes
- 1 small onion or 3 shallots
- 2 carrots
- 2 potatoes
- 2 leeks
- 3 or 4 sprigs of parsley
- 1 oz. of bacon fat
- Salt, pepper

This is the method: clean and cut up the carrots, potatoes, and leeks into tiny pieces. Fry them for a few minutes in one ounce of bacon fat and add 1 1/2 pints boiling, salted water. Let this boil rapidly for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat and simmer for 30 minutes. By this time they should be quite soft.

In the meantime put your skinned and chopped tomatoes in another pan with the chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. Cook together with a tea-cupful of water for 15 minutes. The liquid will be much reduced, and the tomato and onion mixture will have formed a thick paste. Sieve this and add to the cooked vegetables; stir well and cook to-

gether for five minutes more. The separate cooking of the tomato and onion concentrates their flavour and makes a richer base to the soup than if they were cooked with the other vegetables from the start.

MARGARET RYAN

HOW MUCH PAINT?

Many people get a bit puzzled about the amount of paint or distemper needed for a job. A great deal depends, of course, on the nature of the surface to be covered, but here is a rough-and-ready guide: 1 gallon of paint will cover 70 to 80 square yards, and a 4-lb. tin of distemper about 25 square yards. Those figures are quite conservative, and generally speaking you will get a little more coverage than that.

W. P. MATTHEWS

RELIEVING FOOT STRAIN

Provided you give your feet a reasonable amount of attention they should be able to stand up to an average day's work without undue fatigue. A certain amount of tiredness at the end of a hard day is only to be expected and need not cause any concern. Rest, if only you can get it, will soon put that right. Sometimes simple exercises can relieve the feeling of strain. Here are some you might try:

Try rolling over on to the outsides of your feet while you are standing—but not with high heels on, of course. Wiggle your toes up and down inside your shoes.

When you sit down, cross your knees and slowly rotate in an outward direction the foot that is hanging, that is the right way round the clock with the right foot, the wrong way round with the left foot.

Try rubbing the sole of your foot up and down the opposite leg. Some of you may have jobs which keep you

standing about a great deal. If you have to stand in one spot for several hours on end try to stand squarely on both feet—not like a stork on one leg, not like Charlie Chaplin with your feet at 'ten minutes to two'—but with your toes pointing more or less straight forward and with the feet a few inches apart.

A CHIROPODIST

Some of Our Contributors

W. N. EWER (page 443): diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Herald*

PATRICK O'DONOVAN (page 445): special correspondent of *The Observer*; has recently returned from a year in British Africa; author of *For Fear of Weeping*

BASIL DAVIDSON (page 447): on the editorial staff of *The New Statesman and Nation*; has recently returned from a visit to South Africa

EDWARD SHILS (page 453): Professor of Social Sciences in the Committee on Social Thought, University of Chicago, formerly Reader in Sociology, University of London

W. F. JACKSON KNIGHT (page 459): Reader in Classical Literature, University College of the South-West of England, Exeter; author of *Roman Vergil*, *Poetic Inspiration—an Approach to Vergil*, etc.

WILLIAM PLOMER (page 465): author of *Four Countries* (collected stories), *Sado, The Case is Altered* (novels), *The Dorking Thigh* and *Other Satires* (poems), *Double Lives: An Autobiography*, etc.; editor of *Kilvert's Diary*

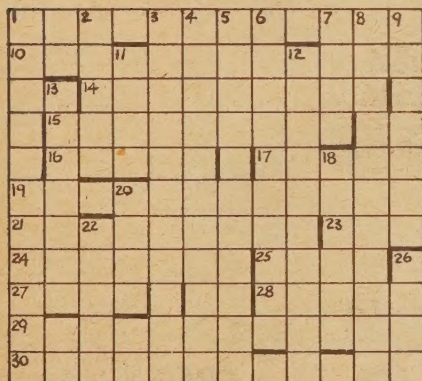
Crossword No. 1,116.

Arabic Style.

By Babs

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 27



The answers derived from the six limericks (which have no connection with each other, or indeed with anything else) are to be inserted in the diagram in Arabic numerals, each letter being represented by its order in the alphabet. Thus AIM would appear as 1913, occupying four squares. So would SAC.

'We'll steer by the 3D (11)', Drake said,
'And make 1A (12) in 17A (5) on Wed.
As soon as we've moored
There'll be high jinks on 9D (7)—
So I'll spend the 26D (4) snugly 11D (4)'

He won't do an 25A (4), will O'Farrell.
To buy himself wearing 1D (11):
At 22D (5), quite near Spain,
With his 30A (12) vein,
He 8D (11) life best in a barrel.

14A (9) (no kin to the writer)
Used to 29A (12) with anyone 19A (12):
Till a 24A (7) old Boer
Took a 6D (10) from store,
And 13D (7) him to make him politer.

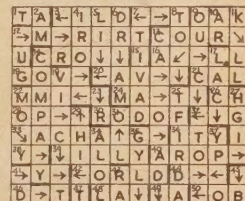
There once was a Turkestan 20D (4)
Who presented a wild 4D (11)
To his 21A (9) 10A (12),
Whose name, Maesiana,
Was an 16A (5) of Asian Mae.

A student of magic named Clunes
Was an expert in 5D (11) and runes;
By 12D (10) a jabberer
Of 2D (5)—cad—2D (5)
And 18D (6) nonsensical tunes.

Said a 15A (9) Professor one matin,
'Where I eat (7D (4) 27A (4) in Latin),
The 28A (5) (di—)
Is now cast—in the pie!
Need I 23A (3) I don't like pie with that in?'

Solution of No. 1,114

Prizewinners:
F. Adams (Manchester); J. H. Atkins (London, N.W.3); W. Langstaff (London W.14); T. M. MacEwan (Glasgow); H. Allison (Sheffield)



NOTES

The following are the sources of the echoes in order of appearance in the clues: (1) 'Sea Fever'; (2) 'H.M.S. Pinafore'; (3) 'The Wreck of the Hesperus'; (Calypso was Atlas' daughter); (4) 'The Ancient Mariner'; (5) 'The Hunting of the Snark'; (6) 'The Forsaken Mermaid'; (7) 'Cargoes'; (8) 'The Owl and the Pussycat'; (9) 'Home Thoughts from the Sea'; (10) 'The Tempest'; (11) 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; (12) 'The Tempest'.

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